WAY IN TO A WAY OUT COMIC...

SMASH!

INCORPORATING FANTASTIC

No. 155

18th JAN. 1969

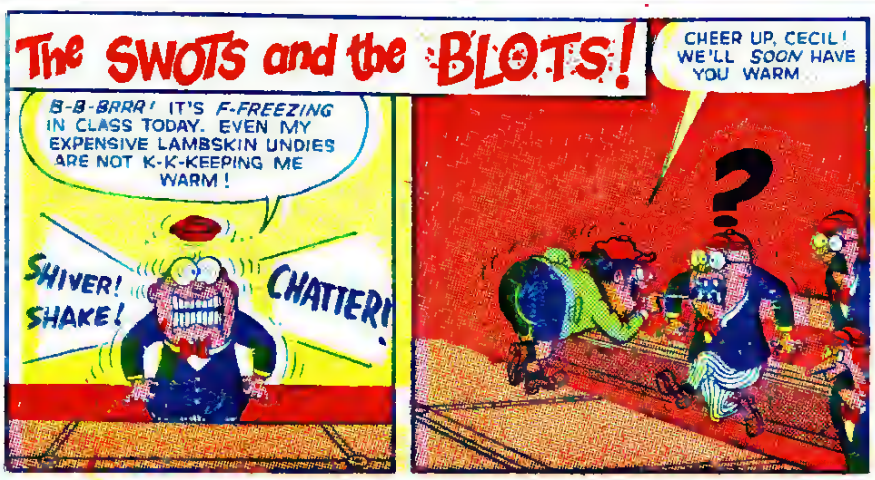
EVERY MONDAY

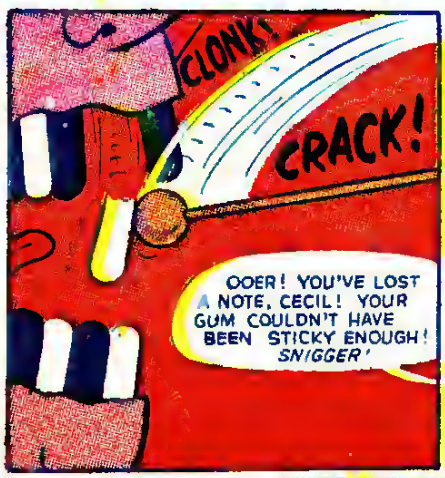
7d

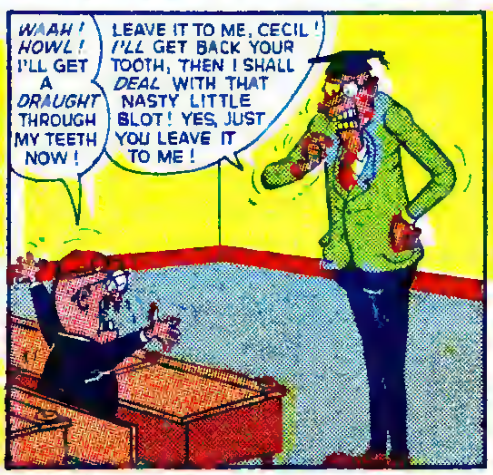
AUSTRALIA 10c EAST AFRICA 1/00 WEST AFRICA 10d

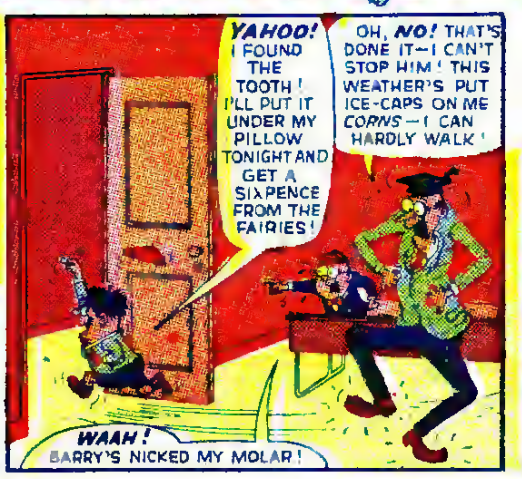
SOUTH AFRICA 10c RHODESIA NEW ZEALAND 10c

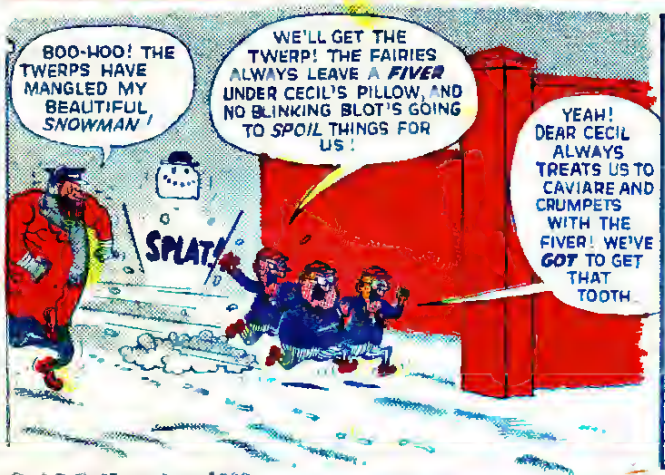
The SWOTS and the BLOTS!

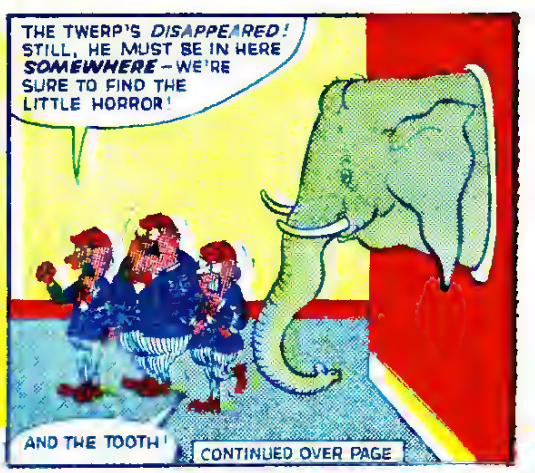

B-B-BRRR! IT'S F-FREEZING IN CLASS TODAY. EVEN MY EXPENSIVE LAMBSKIN UNDIES ARE NOT K-K-KEEPING ME WARM!
SHIVER! SHAKE!
CHATTER!
CHEER UP, CECIL! WE'LL SOON HAVE YOU WARM...
?




WAAH! HOWL! I'LL GET A DRAUGHT THROUGH MY TEETH NOW!
LEAVE IT TO ME, CECIL! I'LL GET BACK YOUR TOOTH, THEN I SHALL DEAL WITH THAT NASTY LITTLE BLOT! YES, JUST YOU LEAVE IT TO ME!


YAHOO! I FOUND THE TOOTH! I'LL PUT IT UNDER MY PILLOW TONIGHT AND GET A SIXPENCE FROM THE FAIRIES!
OH, NO! THAT'S DONE IT—I CAN'T STOP HIM! THIS WEATHER'S PUT ICE-CAPS ON ME CORNS—I CAN HARDLY WALK!
WAAH! BARRY'S NICKED MY MOLAR!


BOO-HOO! THE TWERPS HAVE MANGLED MY BEAUTIFUL SNOWMAN!
WE'LL GET THE TWERP! THE FAIRIES ALWAYS LEAVE A FIVER UNDER CECIL'S PILLOW, AND NO BLINKING BLOT'S GOING TO SPOIL THINGS FOR US!
YEAH! DEAR CECIL ALWAYS TREATS US TO CAVIARE AND CRUMPETS WITH THE FIVER! WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT TOOTH...
SPLAT!


THE TWERP'S DISAPPEARED! STILL, HE MUST BE IN HERE SOMEWHERE—WE'RE SURE TO FIND THE LITTLE HORROR!
AND THE TOOTH!
CONTINUED OVER PAGE

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EEK! THAT'S NOT CECIL'S MOLAR!
HEH, HEH! I BET OLD JUMBO WOULD HAVE GOT A FEW HUNDRED BANANAS, IF HE'D PUT THIS TUSK UNDER THE PILLOW!
STAB!
AIEE! I'VE BEEN STABBED!
I SAY, THAT'S JUST NOT DONE, YOU KNOW! JUST NOT DONE!
WE CAN EXPLAIN, SIR! KINDLY RELEASE US AND WE'LL CATCH THE CULPRIT FOR YOU!
PENSIONERS ARE ASKED TO KEEP MOVING DURING STOCK TAKING
YOO-HOO! HERE I AM— HERE I AM, YOU SOPS!
YOO-HOO! HERE I AM— HERE I AM, YOU SOPS!
AHA! WE HAVE HIM NOW, CHAPS— HE'S IN THERE!
INDEED WE HAVE, CYRIL— INDEED WE HAVE.
YOU'VE HAD IT, OLD BOY! THREE AGAINST ONE—GIVE UP!
THERE ARE THREE BORN EVERY MINUTE!
DASH!
I SAY!
AAGH! THIS BRUTE'S STILL ALIVE! SEND FOR TARZAN!
SNAP!
BACK AT SCHOOL:
BAH—WE GIVE UP, WHILE WE'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!
G-GULP! LOOKS AS IF IT'S UP TO ME, THEN—BUT I DON'T THINK WE'LL SEE BARRY BACK HERE TODAY!
THAT NIGHT, AT BARRY'S ABODE:
I AM THE FAIRY OF THE WILLOW, I'M HERE TO LOOK 'NEATH BARRY'S PILLOW, IF A MOLAR LIES THEREUNDER, I'LL TEAR THE LITTLE TWERP ASUNDER.
A F-F-F-FAIRY!?? SHE'S THE SPITTING IMAGE OF BARRY'S TEACHER—SHE EVEN NEEDS A SHAVE!!!
I AM THE FAIRY OF THE WOOD, I'M DOING CECIL A BIT OF GOOD, AND SO YOU FIND ME HERE FORSOOTH— HAND OVER THAT BLINKING TOOTH!!!
AAGH! YOU AIN'T MY MUM!
STAB!
YAHOO!
BOOM!
AAGH!
I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE WORTH WAITING FOR—HE MISSED IT ON THE WAY IN!
OH, DEAR, I CAN'T LOOK!
WHEEE!
CRUNCH!
NEXT DAY:
BOO-HOO-HOO! POOR OLD SIR.
HO, HO, HO! WHAT A LOVELY SET OF GUMS!
THE FAIRIES MUST HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAG OF GOLD FOR THAT LOT! HA, HA, HA!
IT'SH SH'NOT FAIR! NUSHING EVER GOESH RIGHT FOR SHIR!

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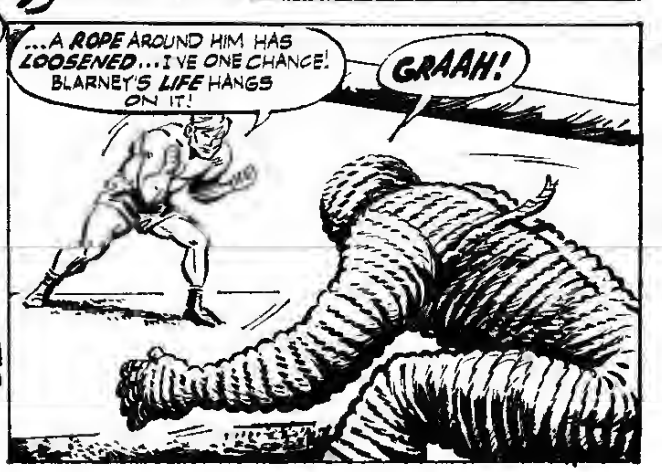
KING OF THE RING

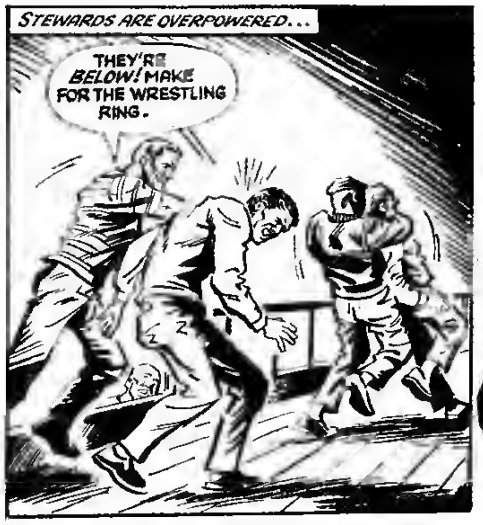
ABOARD MILLIONAIRE DUBRAY'S PRIVATE YACHT, KEN KING FACES THE AWESOME CAPSTAN... WHILE HIS MANAGER PAL BLARNEY STONE CAN ONLY WATCH IN HORROR...
I... AAGH! UGH!
DUBRAY, KEN WILL BE KILLED! THAT ROPE-CLAD MONSTER OF YOURS IS BREAKING HIS BACK!
I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT!

RELEASE HIM, CAPSTAN! REGRETTABLY, A DEAD MAN IS UNABLE TO SPEAK... AND I WISH MR. KING TO TELL ME WHERE I WILL FIND THE GOLDEN MAMMOTH!

YOU... YOU'RE CRAZY! YOU'RE SPEAKING IN RIDDLES! WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT A GOLDEN MAMMOTH... DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT IT IS...
SUCH A FOOLISH MAN! CARRY ON, CAPSTAN!



MEANWHILE, WITH MUFFLED OARS, A BOAT DRAWS ALONGSIDE. IT'S CREW ARE THE HOODLUMS FROM WHOM KEN TOOK THE REPLACEMENT WATCH.
KING HAS OUR WATCH — AND THAT'LL BE HIS FUNERAL!
A DOUBLE FUNERAL IF DUBRAY MAKES ANY TROUBLE.


STEWARDS ARE OVERPOWERED...
THEY'RE BELOW! MAKE FOR THE WRESTLING RING.

SUDDENLY...
DON'T MOVE — OR IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!
MORE COMPANY? THE GOOKS WHO SMASHED UP MY WATCH...

EVEN DUBRAY BECOMES SILENT...
WE WANT THE WATCH, KING — THE ONE YOU PICKED UP! WHERE IS IT, MON AMI?
SO WE'RE PLAYING 'TWENTY QUESTIONS' AGAIN!

ONE THING'S SURE — THE 'GOLDEN MAMMOTH' AND THEIR OLD WRIST-WATCH ARE LINKED! BUT IF I TELL 'EM BLARNEY HAS IT IN HIS POCKET, OUR LIVES WON'T BE WORTH A REF'S COUNT-DOWN AFTERWARDS...

REGARDLESS OF THE GUNS, CAPSTAN'S THOUGHTS ARE STILL ON REVENGE...
THIS BEARS LOOKING AT, KING! A LITTLE PAIN COULD BE GOOD FOR YOUR MEMORY!
OOAH!
GRAAAG!

KEN GRIPS THE LOOSE ROPE...
IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE I TRIED SPINNING A TOP. HOPE MY MEMORY'S NOT THAT BAD!

IT'S WORKING — AND I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE. THIS MATCH IS ROUGH!
AAARRRRRK!

AS THE ROPE SUDDENLY SNAGS...
I CALL THIS MY 'BOLAS' THROW!
WHOOOOOOSH!
LOOK OUT!

RAT-TAT-TAT!
RUN, BLARN... GET OUT — OR GET DEAD!
EEEURNK!

STRAY SHOTS HAVE SNUFFED OUT THE LIGHT...
WHERE ARE THEY?... THE DOOR!
GET THEM!
START THE OUTBOARD MOTOR! DO YOU STILL HAVE THE WATCH, BLARNEY?
I OO— I HAVE 'COLD FEET' AS WELL!
IMBECILE— HOLD YOUR FIRE! DO YOU WISH TO ROUSE THE POLICE!
FULL SPEED, BLARNEY!
ONCE WE'RE SAFE, WE'LL FIND OUT WHAT THE WATCH MEANS! IT HOLDS THE SECRET OF OUBRAY'S GOLDEN MAMMOTH. LET'S HOPE IT EARNS US A REWARD!
DUBRAY AND HIS RIVALS JOIN FORCES...
GRAAAAAH!
OUBRAY, LET KING SEEK OUT THE GOLDEN MAMMOTH FOR US BOTH... NO MORE DOUBLE-CROSS! THEN WE CLOSE IN— AND YOUR CAPSTAN CAN DEAL WITH HIM!
JOIN KEN AND BLARNEY FOR MORE GREAT GRAPPLING THRILLS... NEXT WEEK!

SMASH POW WOW!
Have you a trick or cartoon you would like to see in SMASH? Send it on a postcard to: SMASH, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.. It might win 10/-

Dear Alf and Cos,
Can Superman stand on a shovel and lift it?

Graham Farrell,
Epping, Essex.

We kind of think he's been a little too busy to try, Graham! But if we ever find out, we'll let you know.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
In SMASH 150, Thor was talking about Asgard and the guardian of the Golden Gates, Heimdall, and he said that his ears can detect the flutter of a butterfly's wings a thousand worlds away. Well, if this were so, wouldn't Heimdall be deafened by the sound of the horse's hooves as they pass him on the bridge?

A. Carter,
Leicester.

Obviously, Heimdall's ears aren't sensitive the way that *our* ears are sensitive! So he probably has a way of "tuning out" the sounds that are so close at hand as to deafen him!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
One thing puzzles me in Issue 148. If Superman was not dead, how come Batman thought he was, because surely Batman ought to know whether someone is alive or not, shouldn't he?

R. W. A. Matthews,
Grimsby, Lincs.

And so he would on a normal man! But Superman is an alien from another planet.

Alf and Cos.

FROM: MICHAEL GRANT, WYTHENSHAWE, MANCHESTER 23.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I *hate* those so-called super-heroes in SMASH! Don't you think they're getting ont of hand? Please get rid of them and have more humorous stories....

H. Adaszkiewicz,
Manchester.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I have written to tell you what I think of SMASH, which I have read since it first came out. I think it is absolutely fantastic in every way except one. Why are there so many pages of funny stories, when you could easily replace them with more super-heroes and serious strips? I am certain that your comic would be far better off without any funny stories at all!

Donald Byrne,
Leicester.

Here we go again, Frantic Ones! But it's always like that.... *we just can't win!*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,
I think SMASH is even more exciting than ever now, but in issue No. 149 you made a mistake in Bad Penny. When Penny followed the man, he left his car outside his house, and yet it wasn't there when Penny chased the man out of the house again. Please can you explain this?

A. Reader,
Warwick.

Somebody stole it!

Alf and Cos.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

My favourite feature is

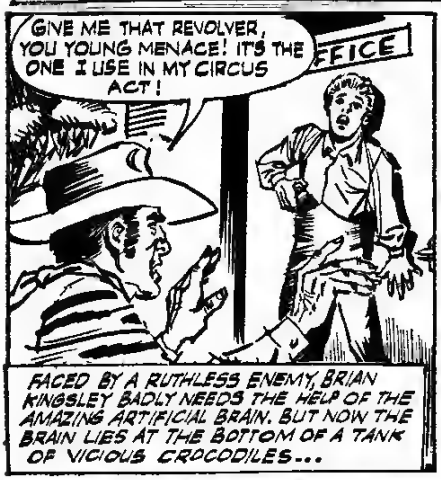
.....

My second favourite feature is

.....

Send the coupon with your letter to: SMASH, 189 High Holborn, W.C.1.

BRIAN'S BRAIN



FACED BY A RUTHLESS ENEMY, BRIAN KINGSLEY BADLY NEEDS THE HELP OF THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN. BUT NOW THE BRAIN LIES AT THE BOTTOM OF A TANK OF VICIOUS CROCODILES...

SUDDENLY BRIAN HEARS SHOUTS...
WHAT ON EARTH IS HAPPENING?
THANK GOODNESS! THE CIRCUS FOLK WHO WERE OUT SEARCHING FOR ME HAVE COME BACK... JUST IN TIME!

THIS YOUNG MAVERICK RECKONS THE MYSTERIOUS GREY SHADOW IS AFTER HIM! IF THE BOY'S RIGHT, MR. MAYHEM, HE NEEDS A BODYGUARD... ME!
NO! BUSTER HIMSELF IS GREY SHADOW!

THIS MYSTERIOUS GREY SHADOW WILL RUIN MY CIRCUS! IF YOU WON'T TRUST A GREAT GUY LIKE BUSTER, STAY IN YOUR CARAVAN, BRIAN! I'LL GET THE CORSINI BROTHERS TO GUARD YOU!

BRIAN'S PAL, DUFFY, PULLS HIM AWAY!
MAYBE I WAS WRONG ACCUSING BUSTER! GREY SHADOW IS AN EXPERT KNIFE THROWER.. LIKE THAT DIABOLICAL TYPE OVER THERE!
BUT, BRIAN- THEY'RE THE CIRCUS ALL-ROUNDERS, THE CORSINI BROTHERS!

THE BOYS BUMP INTO MERLO, THE CIRCUS MAGICIAN...
DON'T GIVE US AWAY, MERLO! BRIAN RECKONS CARLO CORSINI MIGHT BE THAT GREY SHADOW WHO ATTACKED YOU!
I'LL PUT HIM OFF YOUR TRACK, DUFFY!

THE AMAZING ARTIFICIAL BRAIN GLOWS FROM THE BOTTOM...
I'LL LEVER YOU OUT OF THE WATER WITH THIS WOODEN PLANK, BRAIN!
DO IT QUICKLY, BRIAN! THERE ISN'T A MOMENT TO LOSE!
THEN, FROM BEHIND... COMES A VICIOUS SHOVE...
AAGH!
HELP ME, BRAIN... THE CROCODILES ARE ATTACKING!
SWIM TOWARDS ME, BRIAN!
THE BRAIN IS USING ELECTRONIC BEAMS TO DRIVE OFF THE CROCS!
NOW IS YOUR CHANCE TO GET US BOTH OUT OF HERE!
BRIAN! I HEARD A SPLASH... WHAT HAPPENED?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN GREY SHADOW! HE NEARLY GOT ME THAT TIME, DUFFY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
BRIAN GRABS UP THE BOX IN WHICH HE NORMALLY KEEPS THE AMAZING BRAIN...
THE GREY SHADOW'S CERTAIN TO BE WATCHING NEAR THE ENTRANCE, BRIAN! CRAWL UNDER THE TENT RAILINGS AT THE BACK!
GOOD IDEA, BRAIN!
WHAT NOW, BRIAN?
THE TERRIBLE DANGER OF THE GREY SHADOW WILL NOT BE LIFTED FROM YOU AND THE CIRCUS, BRIAN, UNTIL THE BOY, RICKY, IS FOUND!
RICKY, THE MASKED TRAPEZE STAR... THE CHAP I PRETENDED TO BE!
THERE'S NO BOY IN MILES... EXCEPT US! THE CIRCUS FOLK ARE GETTING READY FOR THE EVENING PERFORMANCE!
QUICK! GRAB THE PANTOMIME CAT FROM THE PROCESSION!
FOOL! LET ME GO! I MUST NOT BE FOUND!
THE BRAIN WAS RIGHT! THIS IS RICKY!
BUT, BRAIN— RICKY'S VANISHED!
A FOREIGN BOY, AS HE IS, WOULD SOON BE FOUND OUTSIDE THE CIRCUS! THEREFORE, HE IS STILL HERE... DISGUISED! AND I SEE HIM NOW... NOT TEN YARDS AWAY!
WHY IS RICKY DISGUISED AS A PANTOMIME CAT? AND WHAT IS HE AFRAID OF? BE HERE NEXT WEEK FOR MORE THRILLS!

THE CLOAK MEETS THE PHANTOM PIPER

IN OLD CASTLE McDOOM, THE CLOAK'S FRIENDS HAVE ALL BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY CARRIED AWAY AND HE IS LEFT ALONE TO FACE THE SPECTRAL FIGURE OF THE PHANTOM PIPER...

WAAAIIIILLLLLL

GULP! THAT BAGPIPE-BLOWING BOGEY MAN IS A PRETTY GRUESOME SIGHT... AND THE ROW HE'S MAKING DOESN'T HELP HIS IMAGE VERY MUCH, EITHER!

WAAAOOOOOO

WELL, I'M THE CLOAK AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF ANYTHING—MUCH!

GURK! THE GHASTLY GOUL ISN'T SOLID! I CAN'T GET TO GRIPS WITH HIM!

THUD!

WHIZ!

YIKES! HE'S VANISHED! HE MUST BE A REAL LIVE-ER, DEAD-GHOST!

I CAN'T STOP TO WORRY ABOUT HIM NOW! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO MOLE, SHORTSTUFF AND LADY SHADY!

WOW! YOU'D BETTER LOOK UP, CLOAK, OR YOU'LL BE STUCK WITH A PERMANENT FLAT HEAD!

HELLO! THAT SPOT ON THE FLOOR SEEMS TO BE GROWING BIGGER!

IT IS GROWING BIGGER! IT'S A SHADOW OF SOMETHING FALLING TOWARD ME!

I MOVED BACK JUST IN TIME— UGH!

KOOM!

KRUNCH!

WE MISSED HIM WITH THE ANVIL, BUT HE GOT BANGED ON THE HEAD WITH A CHUNK OF FLYIN' CONCRETE!

WE'LL DUMP HIM IN THE DUNGEON WITH THE OTHER LOT!

HEY, YOU SASSENACHS! YE'VE GOT COMPANY!

WHEEEEE!!!

BAM!

OH, DEAR, HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO HIM?

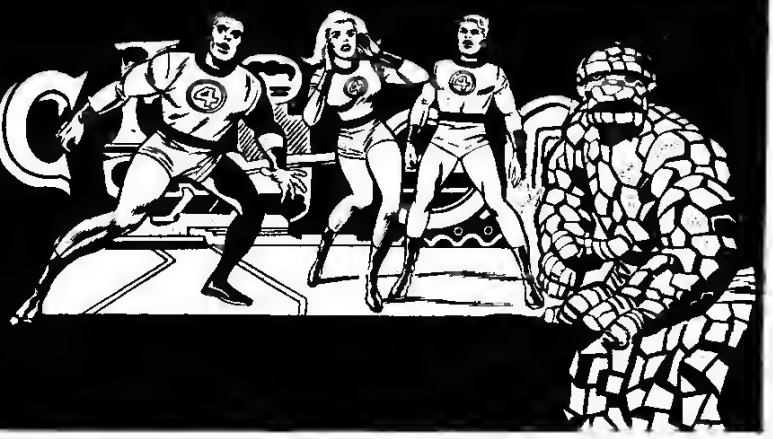
WELL, MY SUPERIOR MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE TELLS ME THAT SOMEBODY GAVE HIM A RIGHT BELT ON THE NUT!

OOH! MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

TWO THUGS BROUGHT YOU HERE, CHIEF! WE'RE ALL LOCKED IN A DIRTY OLD DUNGEON!

IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO GET OUT OF THIS DUNGEON WITH ALL MY GADGETS, BUT I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON HERE!
WELL, WE KNOW FOR SURE THAT THE G.H.O.U.L. MOB ARE BEHIND ALL THIS, BUT WE DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT THEY'RE UP TO.
ALLOW ME TO EXPLAIN WHAT'S GOING ON, BEFORE WE DO AWAY WITH YE!
ERK! WHO SAID THAT?
THE PHANTOM PIPER!
YES, MY FRIENDS! ACTUALLY I'M THE LAST LAIRD OF McDOOM, BETTER KNOWN AS G.H.O.U.L. AGENT NUMBER THIRTEEN! MY RATHER SPOOKY COSTUME IS DESIGNED TO SCARE SNOOPERS AWAY, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, YOU LOT DIDN'T TAKE THE HINT!
SO YOU'RE NOT A REAL GHOST AFTER ALL! HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO WALK ACROSS THE SWAMP AND DISAPPEAR THE WAY YOU DID?
SIMPLE! I KNOW A SECRET PATH THROUGH THE SWAMP THAT YOU COULD NEVER FIND AND, AS FOR MY VANISHING TRICK BACK IN THE HALL....
. . . I SIMPLY PROJECTED THIS IMAGE OF MYSELF IN FRONT OF YOU FROM MY SPECIAL 3-D PROJECTOR! WHEN I SWITCHED IT OFF IT LOOKED AS THOUGH I'D VANISHED! MY OWN COSTUME IS COATED IN LUMINOUS PAINT TO MAKE ME SHINE IN THE DARK!
NOW WE KNOW HOW YOU MADE US THINK YOU WERE A GHOST, HOW ABOUT TELLING US WHAT YOU'RE UP TO THIS TIME?
I MAY AS WELL! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT BECAUSE YOU'LL BE DEAD SOON!
WE'RE BREWING A SPECIAL BRAND OF SCOTCH TONIC WATER UP HERE THAT WILL PUT ANYONE WHO DRINKS IT INTO A DEEP SLEEP FOR AT LEAST THREE DAYS! WE INTEND TO SEND FREE SAMPLES TO EVERY HOME IN BRITAIN!
WHEN THE COUNTRY WAKES UP THEY'LL BE UNDER G.H.O.U.L. RULE! HOWEVER, NOW THAT YOU KNOW WHAT WE PLAN TO DO, I MUST SILENCE YOU FOREVER!
CLICK!
MIK
HEH! HEH! THIS IS A REAL SCOTTISH WAY TO GO! THAT STUFF IS OUR OWN INVENTION, KILLER PORRIDGE! IT SUCKS UP EVERYTHING IN ITS PATH! GOODBYE, FOOLS!
SLURP!
GURGLE!
YECCH! WHAT A WAY TO GO! DROWNED IN PORRIDGE!
IT WILL ABSOLUTELY RUIN MY CLOTHES!
HUH! CLOTHES CAN BE REPLACED, BUT WE CAN'T!
THE MASS OF PORRIDGE CREEPS CLOSER AND CLOSER! HOW CAN OUR HEROES ESCAPE ITS STICKY CLUTCHES? DON'T MISS THE NEXT EXCRUTIATING EPISODE!

Fantastic Four

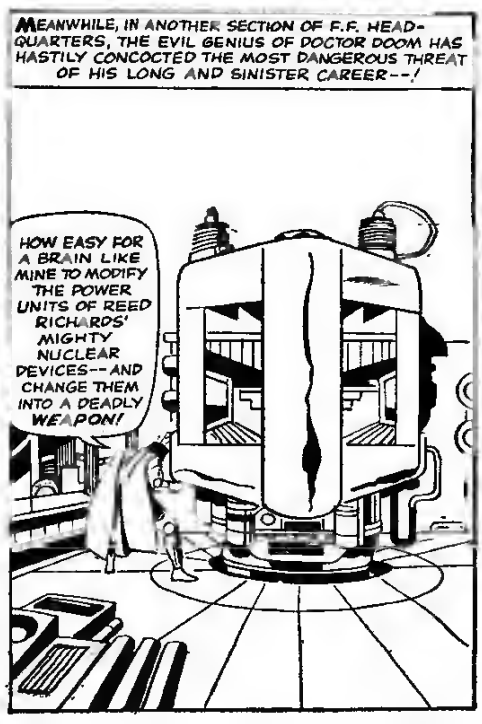


THE BATTLE OF THE BAXTER BUILDING

DR. DOOM, DISCOVERING THAT THE *FANTASTIC FOUR* ARE POWERLESS, HAS TAKEN OVER THEIR HEADQUARTERS, BUT HAS BEEN UNABLE TO STOP THE FEARLESS FOURSOME FROM RE-ENTERING THE BUILDING! *REED RICHARDS* HAS RESTORED THEIR SUPER-POWERS TO ALL SAVE ONE, AND NOW, AS A LAST DESPERATE MEASURE, HE TURNS HIS ***STIMULATOR*** ON *BEN GRIMM*.....

Reg T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965

HE MAY *HATE* ME FOR THIS FOREVER AFTER, BUT THE WORLD NEEDS HIS STRENGTH AT THIS MOMENT! THE FATE OF MANKIND MAY HANG IN THE BALANCE!


MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER SECTION OF F.F. HEADQUARTERS, THE EVIL GENIUS OF DOCTOR DOOM HAS HASTILY CONCOCTED THE MOST DANGEROUS THREAT OF HIS LONG AND SINISTER CAREER--!
HOW EASY FOR A BRAIN LIKE MINE TO MODIFY THE POWER UNITS OF REED RICHARDS' MIGHTY NUCLEAR DEVICES--AND CHANGE THEM INTO A DEADLY *WEAPON!*

I'VE CREATED A TIME BOMB WHICH WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING IN SIGHT!
ALL I NEED DO IS GET SAFELY OUT OF RANGE AND AWAIT THE FATAL MOMENT! MORE THAN EVER HAVE I INSURED THAT THE NAME OF DOCTOR DOOM SHALL FOREVER LIVE IN INFAMY!
AND NOW, TO TAKE MY LEAVE! THE FANTASTIC FOUR HAVE WON THE BATTLE-- BUT LOST THE WAR! WAIT--WHAT'S THAT?!?!
WHOOM
YOU!! IT'S BECAUSE OF YOU THAT I'M THE THING AGAIN!! YOU'RE GONNA PAY FOR THAT, DO YA HEAR?? I'M GONNA DEMOLISH YOU!!
AHHH! AT LAST-- THE BRAINLESS, BLABBERING THING! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!
AND YA WON'T HAVETA WAIT ANY LONGER!
WOW
Y-YER STILL STANDIN'??!!
NATURALLY! MY ARMOUR'S FORCE FIELD CAN GENERATE 100,000 MEGAVOLTS OF PURE ENERGY! THE MIRACLE IS THAT YOU HAVE NOT DESTROYED YOURSELF!
WELL, NOW THAT YA USED UP YER 100,000 MEGA-WHATSIS, I'M GONNA FLATTEN YA LIKE A TIN SKILLET!
YOU LUMBERING FOOL! I'VE MORE WEAPONS, OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE, THAN YOU EVEN DREAM EXIST!
SUCH AS MY INSTANT HYPNOTISM IMPULSER, WHICH CAN UPSET YOUR TOTAL SENSE OF BALANCE IN ONE SPLIT-SECOND!
MUH? HEY-- EVERYTHING'S SPINNIN' AROUND! CAN'T STAY ON MY FEET! MY LEGS ARE GETTIN' WOBBLY! WHAT'S GOIN' ON??!
THOK!
THE OTHERS CAN EXPLAIN TO YOU-- IF YOU RECOVER!
YOU ARE BATTLING NO NORMAL FOE NOW; UGLY ONE! IN MY SPECIAL ARMOUR--WITH MY SPECIAL WEAPONS-- I'M FAR MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU!
THIS MINIATURIZED SENSITIZER WHICH I PLACE UPON YOUR BACK USES NUCLEAR ENERGY TO INCREASE THE FORCE OF GRAVITY!
YOU CREEP! IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN THAT TO STOP ME!
BRAVE WORDS, YOU ORANGE-SKINNED MISANTHROPE-- BUT USELESS WORDS! NOT EVEN YOUR BESTIAL STRENGTH CAN PREVAIL AGAINST MY SUPERIOR SCIENTIFIC WIZARDRY!
SEE HOW MY SENSITIZER HOLDS YOU PINNED DOWN, HELPLESSLY! AND, WITHIN MINUTES, IT WILL BEGIN SAPPING ALL THE ENERGY LEFT IN YOUR MISSHAPEN BODY--!
BUT, EVEN THE DIABOLICAL DR. DOOM HAS UNDERESTIMATED THE POWER THAT LIES WITHIN THE BURLY, BRUTISH BODY OF THE ENRAGED THING--!
YOU BELIEVE IT, DOOM! JUST YOU BELIEVE IT!
NO-- NO-- IT CAN'T BE!

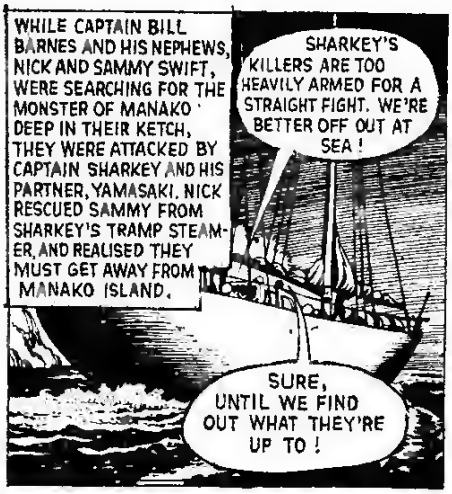
THE ONLY WAY YA'LL STOP ME IS BY KILLIN' ME!
VERY WELL! I CAN ARRANGE THAT, ALSO-- THOUGH I HAD HOPED IT WOULD NOT BE NECESSARY!
YOU AINT ABOUT TO STOP ME BY SHOOTIN' THOSE LITTLE PEBBLES MY WAY, CRUMBUM!
ONCE AGAIN YOU FLAUNT YOUR IGNORANCE! THESE ARE NO MERE PEBBLES, THING! THEY ARE INTENSIFIED MOLECULES--!
AND, THE INSTANT THEY ARE EXPOSED TO THE AIR, THEIR MASS INCREASES-- UNTIL THEY ATTAIN THE SIZE AND STRENGTH OF GIANT BOULDERS!
--BOULDERS WHICH WILL KEEP SLAMMING INTO YOU UNTIL EVEN YOUR MASSIVE BODY IS BEATEN AND STILLED!
HE'S RIGHT! THEY'RE GETTIN' BIGGER AND BIGGER-- CRASHIN' INTO ME LIKE CANNONBALLS!
IF I WAIT MUCH LONGER, I WON'T BE ABLE TO STOP 'EM! BUT I AINT AIMIN' TO WAIT--NOT ME!
NO BLASTED OVERGROWN STONES ARE GONNA SAVE YOU, DOOM!!
KRAK!
HE PUNCHED HIS WAY RIGHT THROUGH THEM-- HURLING THEM BACK AT ME!
AND WHILE I'M AT IT, I'LL USE THE BIGGEST ONE TO CLOBBER THAT BOMB GIZMO OF YOURS!! LIKE THIS--!!
BUT, DON'T START FEELIN' NEGLECTED, YET! I AINT FORGOT ABOUT YOU PERSONALLY!
I'M GONNA OPEN THAT TIN SUIT OF YOURS AND SEE WHAT MAKES YOU TICK! THEN, I'LL DRAG YA OUT BY YER SCRAWNY-- HEY!!
YOU WAITED--TOO LONG, YOU BABBLING NEANDERTHAL!! MY FORCE FIELD HAS HAD TIME TO RECHARGE ITSELF! NOW, THE ADVANTAGE IS MINE AGAIN!
SEE HOW EASILY I CAN HURL YOU FROM ME--AIDED BY 100,000 MORE MEGAVOLTS OF PURE ENERGY!
BAROOM!

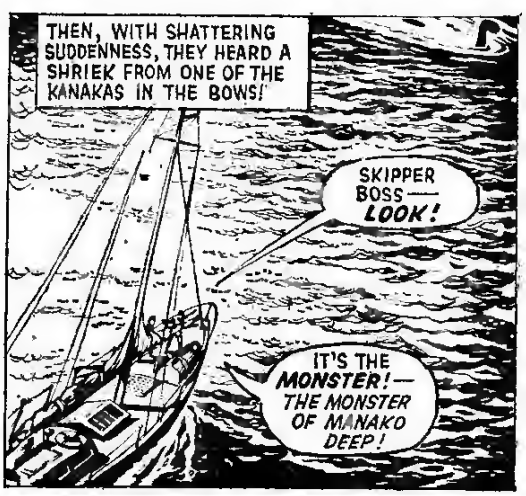
AND STILL YOU FEEBLY ATTEMPT TO CRAWL BACK FOR MORE PUNISHMENT! VERY WELL THEN, YOU SHALL GET IT--!
SOONER OR LATER I'LL GET PAST YOUR DEFENCES, DOOM,!! AND WHEN I DO--!!
YOU BLUNDERING ATAVISM/ BRUTE STRENGTH CAN NEVER TRIUMPH AGAINST THE POWER OF SUPREMELY HARNESSED SCIENCE!!
NO!! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!! YOU CAN'T KEEP COMING--NOT AGAINST THE FORCE OF MY NERVE-SHATTERING ENERGY BLASTS!!
MISTER, MAYBE I'M JUST TOO DUMB TO COLLAPSE -- TOO UGLY TO DIE!! I'LL LET YOU FIGURE OUT THE REASONS...!
AS FER ME-- I FINALLY GOT MY PAWS ON YA-- AND NOTHIN'S GONNA SAVE YA NOW!
MY WEAPONS!! MY BUILT-IN ELECTRICAL DEVICES!! YOU--YOU'RE CRUSHING THEM!! NO!! YOU CAN'T--!
DON'T BET ON IT, BAD MAN!
NO, BEN!! STOP! YOU'LL KILL HIM!!
WELL, WELL! IF IT AINT STRETCHO! JUST WHEN I DON'T NEED YA!
BEN--LISTEN TO ME! WE JUST WANT TO END HIS THREAT!! BUT, WE'RE NOT MURDERERS!
YEAH, MEEBE YOU'RE RIGHT --FER A CHANGE! WITHOUT HIS BUILT-IN GIZMOE, HE AINT WORTH WORRYIN' ABOUT!
REMEMBER, HE'S STILL THE RULER OF LATVERIA, AND AS SUCH, HE HAS DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY! BUT, BY DEFEATING HIM SO CONCLUSIVELY, YOU'VE BROKEN HIS PRIDE! IT'S THE WORST DEFEAT HE COULD HAVE SUFFERED!
BIG DEAL! WHERE WERE YOU WHILE WE WERE WALTZIN' AROUND??
WE TREATED DARE-DEVIL'S WOUNDS, AND HELPED HIM TO LEAVE!
THEN, WE WATCHED YOUR FIGHT, BUT REED FELT YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO INTERFERE!
I WAS WORRIED ABOUT YOU ONCE OR TWICE, BEN! I ALMOST ETEPPED IN-- BUT NOW, I'M GLAD I DIDN'T!
BY BEATING HIM DECISIVELY--USING ONLY RAW STRENGTH--YOU'VE SHATTERED HIS EGO, BEN! HE MAY NEVER GAIN ENOUGH CONFIDENCE TO ATTACK US AGAIN!
REED, DARLING--WE'RE BACK TO NORMAL AGAIN--WE HAVE EACH OTHER ONCE MORE!
-- BUT YOU AINT GOT ME! NOT ANY MORE! I'M NOT BEIN' THE FALL GUY FOR THIS COMBO! YOU DIVVY UP THE GLAMOUR, BUT ME--I'M STILL... THE THING!
I GOT THE SHORT END OF THE STICK ON THIS WHOLE DEAL! YOU GOT MARRIED, BUT I CAN'T! YOU CAN BE NORMAL--BUT NOT ME! WELL, I'VE HAD IT!
BEN! HE-HE MEANS IT!
DON'T DO IT, BIG BUDDY! WE'RE A TEAM! BEN--!
THUS, IN THE WAKE OF THEIR GREATEST VICTORY, THE FANTASTIC FOUR FACE THEIR GREATEST CRISIS! BE PREPARED FOR THE MOST STARTLING DEVELOPMENTS OF ALL IN THE VERY NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH!

The NERVS
THE MOST DREADED TIME IN THE 'NERVS' FRONT-LINE DEFENCE-SYSTEM, IS FATTY'S DINNER HOUR.
LOVELY! THIS'LL JUST ABOUT KEEP ME GOING TILL MY AFTERNOON-SNACK AT HALF-PAST TWO!
STUPP! DROOL
A 'MOUTH-SENTRY' IN A FRONT-LINE HOLLOW TOOTH ISSUES A 'NOSH-ATTACK' ALERT.
CALLING H.Q! ALL-OUT NOSH-BOMBAROMENT IMMINENT, ON CAKE-'OLE!
CLATTER OF KNIFE & FORK
'NO NERVS' LAND
CONSISTS MAINLY OF HEAVY BANGERS AND LIGHTLY POACHED EGGS—WIV' CHIPS!
FIVE MINUTES LATER, AT 'GULLETEER' No1. POST.
FATAL DISPATCH FROM H.Q., SGT!... IF YOU'VE ANY SENSE YOU'LL DECIDE TO DESERT, 'SAME AS ME!
WOT! AN' LOSE MY PENSION! NEVER!
MASS "NOSH-ASSAULT" IMMINENT, VIA 'CAKE-'OLE. —TO REPEL —TO THE LAST NERV. UM'S!
NOT ONE COWARDLY CUSTARD BACKS OUT! ALL OF THEM REMAIN SPLENDIDLY SPINELESS— UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE!
ROAD
WHEE-E-EE
-HIC! BELCH!
HERE IT COMES! SHOVEL FOR YER LIVES!
SPLUD
ERK! SARGE! I'VE DECIDED TO BE SHOT!
AND SO...
NAH THEN, YOU GUTLESS GULLETEERS! ANYONE WHO FEELS 'IMSELF UNEQUAL TO THIS DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT IS QUITE AT LIBERTY TO TAKE TWO PACES FORWARD AN' BE SHOT!
BUT THE SARGE IS DIRECTING OPERATIONS FROM A VANTAGE POINT...
SHOVEL IT INTO THAT TUM DEPARTMENT VAN C'MON! ACT LIKE SOLDIERS— AGH-H!? MUVVER!
SCREE-EECH
WHINE
PTCHWEE-EEE
SPLAT
GLUG
(SALIVA-DUCT)
AT LAST THERE IS A LULL—AND THE LOADED NOSH WAGGON SETS OFF FOR THE TUM DEPARTMENT.
RIGHT! EVERY-BODY LINE UP FOR ROLL-CALL!! ODECK! WHERE ARE THEY?
ER—THEY ALL LEAPT INTO THE NOSH, ABOARD THE VAN, SARGE— BUT, ER— HEH! HEH! I STUCK ME GROUND—HIDING UNDER A SAUSAGE! GULP!
DRIVE LIKE FURY— OUT OF HERE!
ROLL CALL
HEH-HEH! GIBBER-GIBBER! BLAH-H-H!
A SAD CASE OF "NOSH-SHOCK"
THE 'BATTLE OF THE BULGE' HOWEVER, ISN'T OVER YET!
BOY-O-BOY! HIC! THAT DUNDEE CAKE MUST HAVE BEEN HIDDEN BEHIND MY DINNER! I'LL SCOFF IT WHILE I'M WAITING FOR MY RICE PUDD'N!
RUMBLE
I HEARD THAT, FATTY! DON'T YOU DARE LET THAT CAKE TOUCH YOUR LIPS!
OKAY, MA! I WON'T!
HEH! HEH! I DON'T HAVE TO! I CAN OPEN ME CAKE 'OLE WIDE ENOUGH TO TOSS IT CLEAN DOWN ME GULLET!
AND NOW, FOLKS, AS FATTY PROCEEDS TO ACCOMPLISH HIS FANTASTIC, INHUMAN, FEAT— BACK TO THE BATTLEFIELD...
WHIZZ-
GULP!
SO, PRIVATE PUDDLE, YOU HID UNDER A BANGER! WELL, THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TER DEAL WIV' SNIVELLIN', LITTLE RATS LIKE YOU!
PAP!
AND JUST AT THAT MOMENT.
WHOOSH
ERK! A SURPRISE ATTACK!
SERGEANT! WHY HASN'T THAT CAKE BEEN TRANSPORTED TO THE 'TUM DEPARTMENT?
GET YOUR SKATES ON AN' JUMP TO IT— CONFOUND YOU!
BAM
SCREE EECH
WHIZZ
GULP! Y-YES, COLONEL—SIR! I-I'LL DETAIL SOMEONE—AT THE DOUBLE, SIR!
EEK! THAT MEANS ME! BOOK ME DOWN AS A DESERTER!
BANG

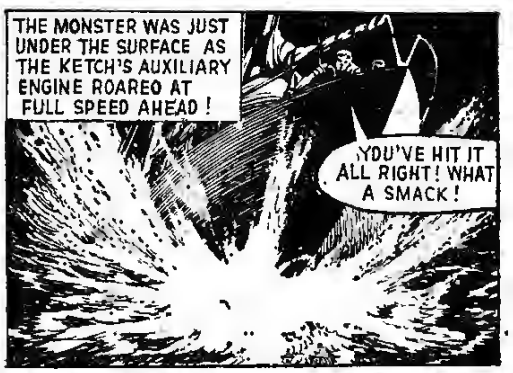
AND, SO — LEFT ALONE...
GUR! DRAT THIS 'PEA SOUP' FOG! IT'S MISTIN' ME UP! WHAT DOES THAT SIGN SAY?
JUNCTION 100 YDS.
TUM WAY
LUNG WAY
GASP! PUFF
AND 100 YARDS LATER.
O-MY-GOSH! HELLO! HELLO! C.I.D.? WARDEN 007, HERE!
TRAFFIC WARDEN POST
STOP
GO
FATTY'S LIGHTS
TUM
LUNGS
THIS IS THE WAY— I THINK!..
A FAT ARMY TWERP HAS JUST TAKEN THE WRONG FORK HERE, AND A LOAD OF CAKE'S ZOOMIN' DOWN FATTY'S WIND-PIPE.
YOU ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU SWALLOW SOMETHING, AND IT 'GOES DOWN THE WRONG WAY!..
EE-YUK! MA! WATER! PAT-ME-BACK! I'M CHOKING!
KAAK UGGLE!
COUGH! SPLUTTER! GASP! WHEEZE!
GREAT, FAT, GREEDY PIG! YOU'VE GULPED DOWN A HUNK OF THAT CAKE— HAVEN'T YOU? HERE, DRINK THIS BICARB, YOU GLUTTON.
GASP! GURGLE! CHOKE ULK!
ONE CUPFUL OF BICARB LATER AT C.I.D. HEADQUARTERS...
HOLD THE FORT, WARDEN 007. I'VE SENT A MOTORBICARB PATROL-MAN AHEAD OF THAT CAKE! HE'LL PREVENT IT FROM CAUSING AN ACUTE TRAFFIC-INDIGESTION
WANTED — FOR PARKING — IN FRONT OF A CHURCH — ALIVE IF POSSIBLE
WANTED FOR POSSESSING A CAR.
WANTED, FOR DRIVING
WANTED — FOR REFUSING TO INFLATE BALLOON
(HM!)
PREFERABLY DEAD.
VERY GOOD, SIR!
TRAFFIC CONTROLLER
MEANWHILE THE MOTORBICARB PATROL MAN IS ZOOMING ALONG FATTY'S 'MAIN ARTERY-AL WAY' — TO PREVENT THE CAKE FROM COMPLETELY BUNGING-UP HIS LUNGS.
BAH! ALL I SEEM TO DO THESE DAYS IS SALT OUT FATTY'S INDIGESTION PROBLEMS.
MUTTER-MUTTER
LUCKILY, HE ARRIVES AT THE LUNG DEPARTMENT BEFORE THE SERGEANT AND HIS COLOSSAL CAKE.
QUICK! THERE'S AN ARMY SERGEANT HUNKING A CHUNK O'CAKE ALONG THE WIND-PIPE AT 20 M.P.H. WHEN HE WHOOSHES INTO HERE, HE'LL WHAM THE OXYGEN-TANKER, AN' THE FLYING CRUMBS WILL CLOG THE WHOLE WORKS!
RATTLE CLATTER
OKAY! I'LL STOP HIM. LEND ME YOUR HAT.
SPARE BREATH
PURE OXYGEN TO STOP FATTY FROM SUFFOCATING WHEN HIS MOUTH'S FULL.
CAKE DETAIL! HALT!"
ERK! YESSIR! AN ORDER'S AN ORDER!
CAKE— 'AVIN' COME BY THE WRONG 'OLE WILL SMARTLY ABA'HT TURN, AN' RETREAT TO THE RIGHT ONE!
B-BUT (GULP!) YESSIR!
SKID
AND SO...
GASP! PANT! WHEEZE
HALF-A-LEAGUE, LATER....
GUR! COLONEL, OR NO COLONEL—
STALE GRUB-FUMES OUTLET FROM FOOD TUBE
JERK
—IF 'E THINKS I'M GONNA HUNK THIS ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE BATTLE-FIELD, THEN SET OFF AGAIN LOOKIN' FOR THE ROAD TO THE TUM DEPARTMENT...
...'E CAN THINK AGAIN!
STALE G FUMES FROM FO
WHIZZ
THUS FATTY DISCOVERS THAT YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR CAKE AND EAT IT."
OH, NO!! MA! MA! — GULP!
RIP!
WHOOOOP! UGH! GASP! WHOOP!

DEVIL OF THE DEEP

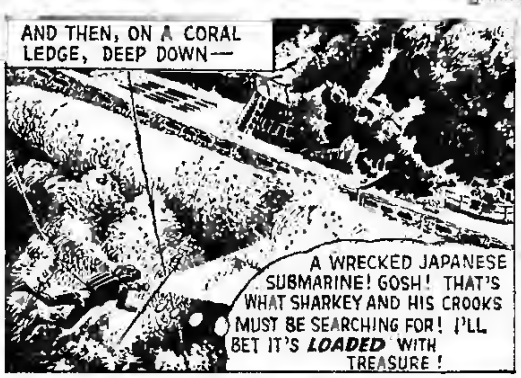

WHILE CAPTAIN BILL BARNES AND HIS NEPHEWS, NICK AND SAMMY SWIFT, WERE SEARCHING FOR THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP IN THEIR KETCH, THEY WERE ATTACKED BY CAPTAIN SHARKEY AND HIS PARTNER, YAMASAKI. NICK RESCUED SAMMY FROM SHARKEY'S TRAMP STEAMER, AND REALISED THEY MUST GET AWAY FROM MANAKO ISLAND.
SHARKEY'S KILLERS ARE TOO HEAVILY ARMED FOR A STRAIGHT FIGHT. WE'RE BETTER OFF OUT AT SEA!
SURE, UNTIL WE FIND OUT WHAT THEY'RE UP TO!


THEN, WITH SHATTERING SUDDENNESS, THEY HEARD A SHRIEK FROM ONE OF THE KANAKAS IN THE BOWS!
SKIPPER BOSS— LOOK!
IT'S THE MONSTER!— THE MONSTER OF MANAKO DEEP!

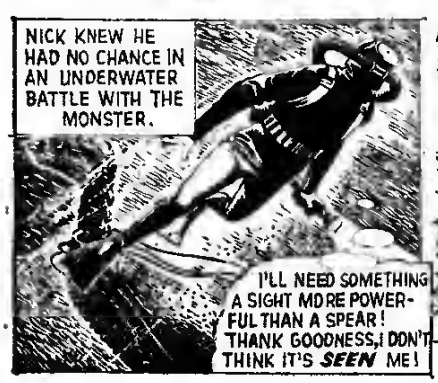
BUT AS THE KETCH SURGED TOWARDS IT AND NICK'S RIFLE CRACKED, THE MONSTER BEGAN TO SINK!
MISSED!
GET CLOSER, SKIPPER— THE THING'S GOING UNDER!

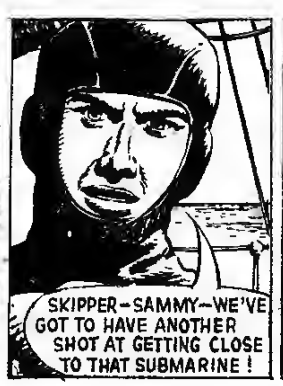

THE MONSTER WAS JUST UNDER THE SURFACE AS THE KETCH'S AUXILIARY ENGINE ROARED AT FULL SPEED AHEAD!
YOU'VE HIT IT ALL RIGHT! WHAT A SMACK!

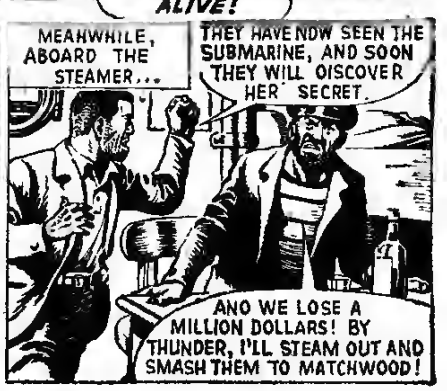
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER NICK DIVED ONCE MORE INTO THE MENACING SHADOWS OF MANAKO DEEP!
THIS IS ABOUT THE SPOT WE HIT THE MONSTER —I MUST FIND OUT FOR SURE WHAT HAPPENED TO IT!


AND THEN, ON A CORAL LEDGE, DEEP DOWN—
A WRECKED JAPANESE SUBMARINE! GOSH! THAT'S WHAT SHARKEY AND HIS CROOKS MUST BE SEARCHING FOR! I'LL BET IT'S LOADED WITH TREASURE!

NEXT MOMENT NICK FELT A POWERFUL, THROBBING IMPULSE THROUGH THE DARK WATER.
GOOD HEAVENS—THE MONSTER'S COME BACK! IT'S STILL ALIVE!


NICK KNEW HE HAD NO CHANCE IN AN UNDERWATER BATTLE WITH THE MONSTER.
I'LL NEED SOMETHING A SIGHT MORE POWERFUL THAN A SPEAR! THANK GOODNESS, I DON'T THINK IT'S SEEN ME!




MEANWHILE, ABOARD THE STEAMER...
THEY HAVE NOW SEEN THE SUBMARINE, AND SOON THEY WILL DISCOVER HER SECRET.
AND WE LOSE A MILLION DOLLARS! BY THUNDER, I'LL STEAM OUT AND SMASH THEM TO MATCHWOOD!

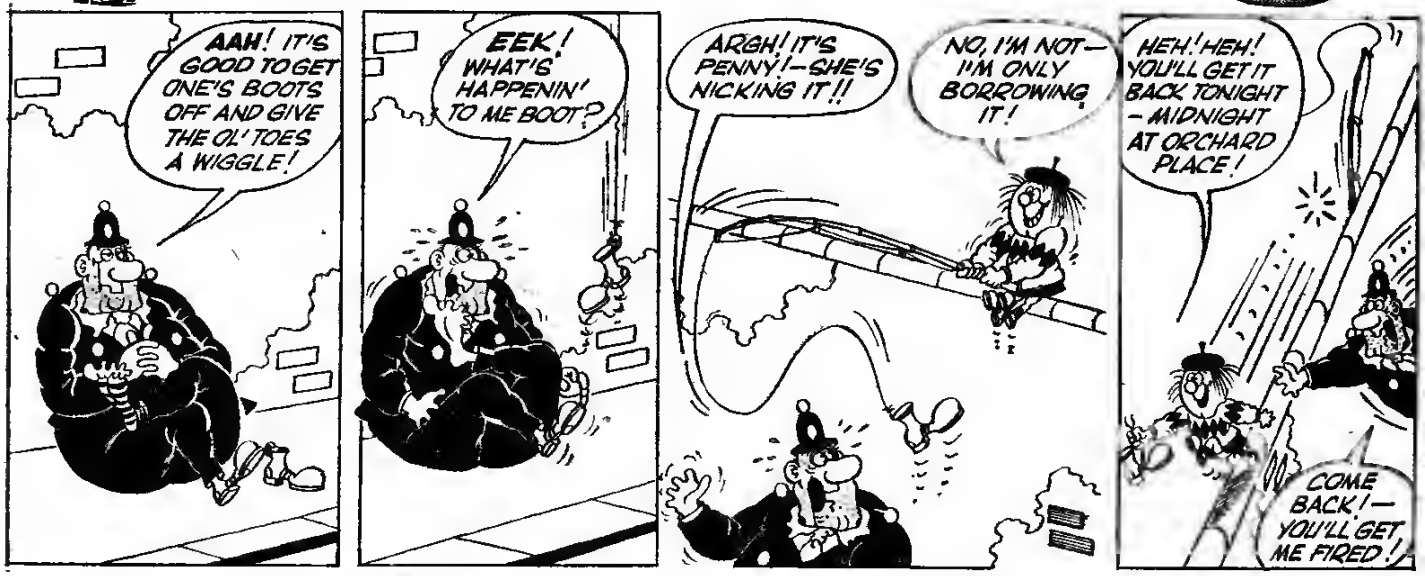
YAMASAKI SHOOK HIS HEAD
NO GOOD, MY FRIEND! THEY WOULD SEE YOU COMING AND ESCAPE AS THEY DID BEFORE! LEAVE THIS TO ME! I SHALL ATTACK THEM FROM UNDER THE SURFACE!
YAMASAKI GOT TO WORK WITH EXPLOSIVES AND CHEMICALS AND FITTED THEM INTO A WATERTIGHT CANISTER.
A HOME-MADE LIMPET-MINE, SHARKEY! EXPLOSIVES—A DELAYED ACTION CHEMICAL FUSE—AND A WATERTIGHT CONTAINER—WHICH I SHALL HANG ON THEIR PROPELLER SHAFT!
I GET IT! IF THAT DOESN'T BLOW THEM OUT OF THE WATER, I'LL GO IN AND FINISH 'EM!
MEANWHILE...
ARE YOU GAME TO COME DOWN WITH ME AND KEEP WATCH WHILE I LOOK INSIDE THE SUB.?
SURE! I'LL BRING A CAMERA WITH ME SHOULD GET SOME GOOD SHOTS!
WHILE NICK SEARCHED INSIDE THE SUB, SAMMY KEPT AN ANXIOUS LOOKOUT...
GREAT SNAKES! IT'S THE MONSTER—AND HEADING TOWARDS STORMBIRD. I MUST WARN NICK!
A TUG ON HIS LIFELINE BROUGHT NICK OUT OF THE WRECKED SUBMARINE.
SAMMY'S SPOTTED SOMETHING—AND HE SEEMS IN A MIGHTY HURRY TO GET TO THE SURFACE!
POWERFUL STROKES SENT NICK SHOOTING AFTER HIS BROTHER, AND THEN, NEAR THE SURFACE, HE SAW IT!
THE MONSTER!
THEN SHOCK WAS FOLLOWED BY SURPRISE AS THEY SAW ANOTHER FROGMAN...
SO THAT'S THE SECRET OF THE MONSTER!
IT'S NOT A LIVING CREATURE AT ALL—IT'S A MIDGET SUBMARINE—AND A MAN HAS JUST COME OUT OF IT!
NICK HAD NO TIME TO EXAMINE THE MONSTER MORE CLOSELY, FOR HE SAW THE MAN'S DEADLY PURPOSE.
I RECKON HE'S CARRYING EXPLOSIVES. HE'S GOING TO ATTACK STORMBIRD!
YAMASAKI, HUNG HIS EXPLOSIVE MINE OVER STORMBIRD'S PROPELLER SHAFT.
IN THIRTY SECONDS THE DELAYED ACTION FUSE WILL SET OFF THE BOMB—AND THE BOAT WILL BE BLOWN SKYHIGH!
NICK'S STRONG HAND WRENCHED AT YAMASAKI'S EQUIPMENT.
THAT'LL FIX HIM! HE'LL HAVE TO SURFACE TO BREATHE!
AAAAHHH!
DESPERATELY, NICK RIPPED OFF THE CYLINDER OF DESTRUCTION!
THIS THING MUST BE TIMED TO GO OFF SOON... BUT WHEN? HOW LONG HAVE I GOT?
HURLING IT TO ONE SIDE, HE SHOT TO THE SURFACE...
A MINUTE LATER...
GOOD HEAVENS—WHAT'S HE GOT THERE?
IT'S THE FAKE THAT FOOLED AND FRIGHTENED THE NATIVES OF THESE ISLANDS, SKIPPER!
TOMORROW WE SAIL AWAY TO TELL OUR STORY TO THE GOVERNMENT, BUT WE SHALL RETURN!
WE SHALL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR RIDDING US OF THE MONSTER!
THAT NIGHT THE JUNGLE DRUMS THROBBED THEIR EXCITEMENT! FOR THE MONSTER WAS NO MORE...THE MEN OF EVIL HAD FLED... LEAVING THE NATIVES TO A LIFE OF PEACE... AND THE CREW OF STORMBIRD TO WHATEVER NEW EXCITEMENT THEIR COURSE WOULD LEAD THEM TO ON A VOYAGE OF ADVENTURE!
THE END

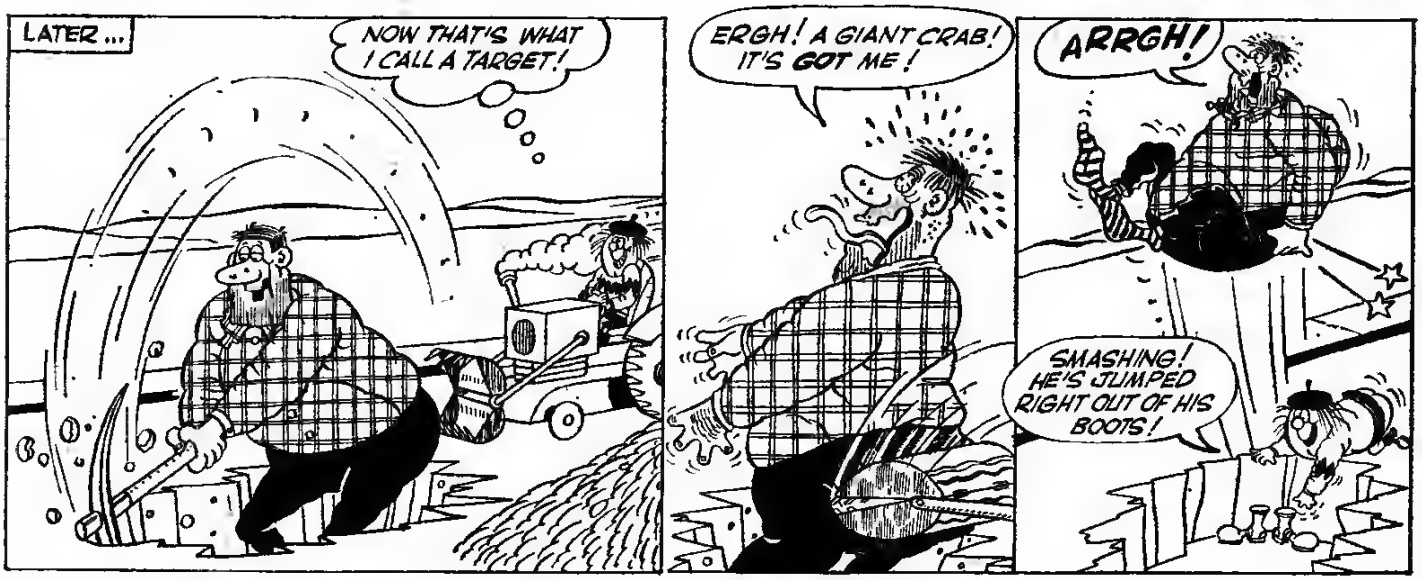
SUPERMAN and BATMAN
With ROBIN The Boy Wonder
IT'S THE MOST AMAZING THING I EVER SAW IN MY LIFE, BATMAN!
YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT AMAZING THINGS FROM SUPERMAN, CHUM!
WHAT'S SO AMAZING..? WELL, THE EVIL PROFESSOR ZINKK HAS TRAPPED CLARK KENT IN A DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR—BUT HE REAPPEARS, AS SUPERMAN! THAT'S THE SCENE ROBIN AND BATMAN HAVE SECRETLY WITNESSED...
WELL SURE, BUT--
--BUT THIS IS JUST TOO MUCH!!
WITH A SUPER-EFFORT OF HIS SUPER-WILL, THE MAN OF STEEL REASSEMBLES THE MOLECULES OF HIS ATOMIZED BODY!
SURPRISED, PROFESSOR?
S-S-S-SUPERMAN!!
BUT WHEN I TRAPPED YOU, YOU WERE A REPORTER NAMED CLARK KENT!
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc © 1968 National Periodical Publications, Inc ®
YOUR MARVELLOUS MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR DESTROYED KENT'S CLOTHING AND GLASSES, AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED--
BUT--
PLASTINO Ellsworth
--BUT FORTUNATELY I AND MY COSTUME ARE LESS VULNERABLE!
IT MUST WORK! IT JUST NEEDS MORE POWER!
SORRY, PROFESSOR! THIS TIME I'M NOT GOING TO SIT STILL FOR IT!
HE'S GETTING AWAY, SUPERMAN!
LET HIM RUN! HE WON'T GET FAR IN THIS TRACKLESS WILDERNESS!

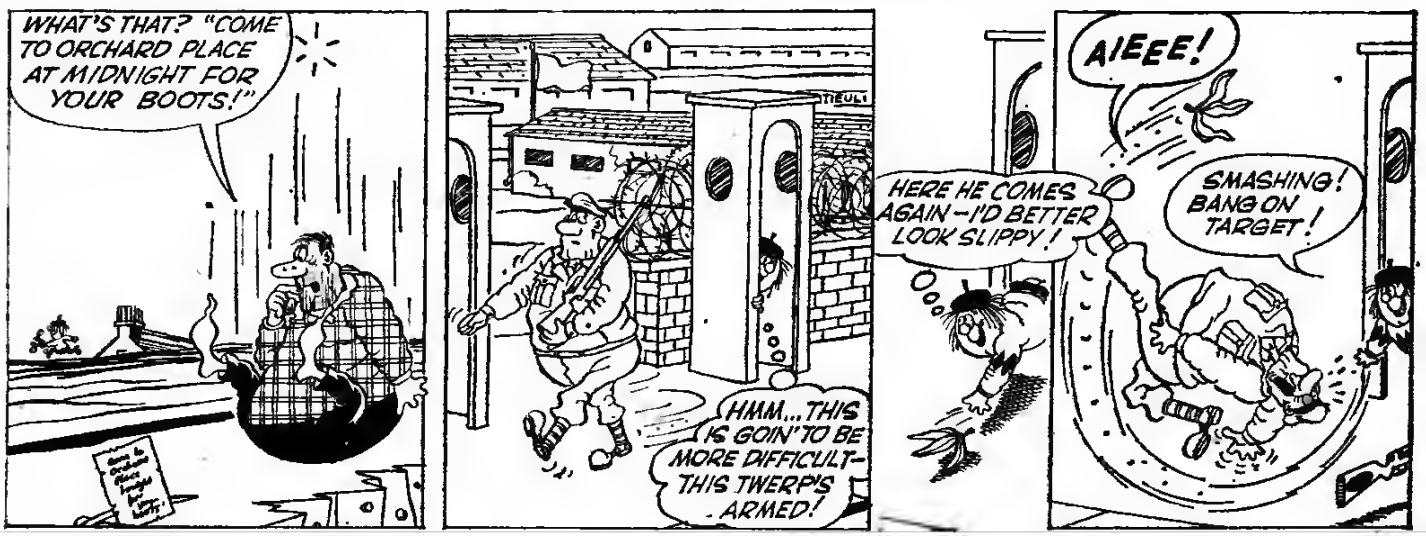
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! MY MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR MADE THAT REPORTER DISAPPEAR--
--AND THEN ALL OF A SUDDEN SUPERMAN WAS THERE!!
EVEN A GENIUS LIKE ME CAN'T BE EXPECTED TO COPE WITH BATMAN AND ROBIN AND SUPERMAN--
--BUT HOW CAN I GET AWAY--??
--MY DRAWBRIDGE IS OPEN--AND I CAN'T CROSS THE QUICKSAND PIT!!
NO WONDER SUPERMAN AND THOSE OTHER DO-GOODERS DIDN'T PURSUE ME!
--THEY KNEW I COULDN'T GET ACROSS THE QUICKSAND PIT!
BUT THERE IS A WAY TO ESCAPE--RIGHT UNDER THEIR SNOOPY NOSES!
--IF ONLY I CAN SNEAK BACK INTO MY LABORATORY--
WE'D BETTER ROUND UP PROFESSOR ZINKK BEFORE THE POLICE ARRIVE!
FUNNY! HE'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT!
AH! AS THEY GO OUT THE FRONT DOOR, I COME IN THE BACK!
I'LL ESCAPE BY DISSOLVING MYSELF IN MY MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR CHAIR--
--AND HOPE I CAN RECONSTITUTE MYSELF SOMEWHERE ELSE!
ZZZZZZ
PROF. ZINKK ISN'T OUT HERE!
--AND THAT SOUNDS LIKE HIS MOLECULAR-DISINTEGRATOR APPARATUS AGAIN!
ZZZZZT
MORE SUPER BATVENTURE NEXT WEEK!

BAD PENNY

PENNY
1969


AAH! IT'S GOOD TO GET ONE'S BOOTS OFF AND GIVE THE OL' TOES A WIGGLE!
EEK! WHAT'S HAPPENIN' TO ME BOOT?
ARGH! IT'S PENNY! — SHE'S NICKING IT!!
NO, I'M NOT — I'M ONLY BORROWING IT!
HEH! HEH! YOU'LL GET IT BACK TONIGHT — MIDNIGHT AT ORCHARD PLACE!
COME BACK! — YOU'LL GET ME FIRED!

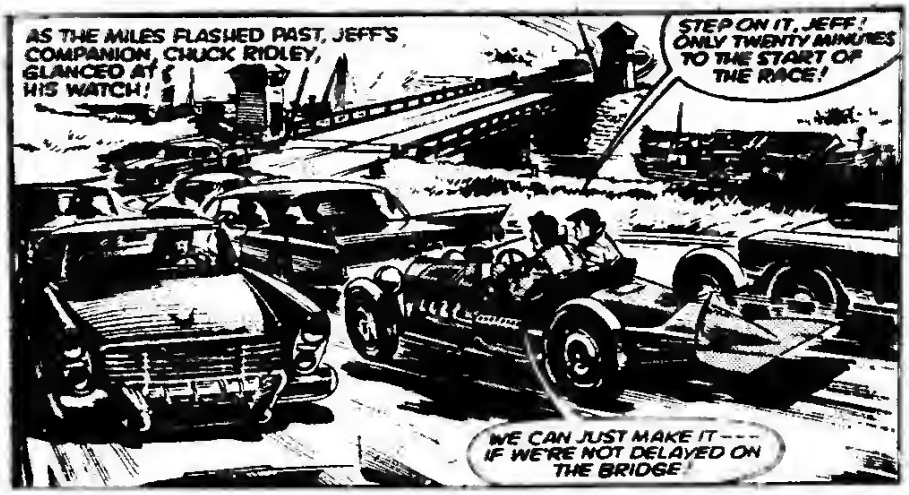

LATER...
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL A TARGET!
ERGH! A GIANT CRAB! IT'S GOT ME!
ARRGH!
SMASHING! HE'S JUMPED RIGHT OUT OF HIS BOOTS!


WHAT'S THAT? "COME TO ORCHARD PLACE AT MIDNIGHT FOR YOUR BOOTS!"
HMM... THIS IS GOIN' TO BE MORE DIFFICULT — THIS TWERP'S ARMED!
AIEEE!
HERE HE COMES AGAIN — I'D BETTER LOOK SLIPPY!
SMASHING! BANG ON TARGET!

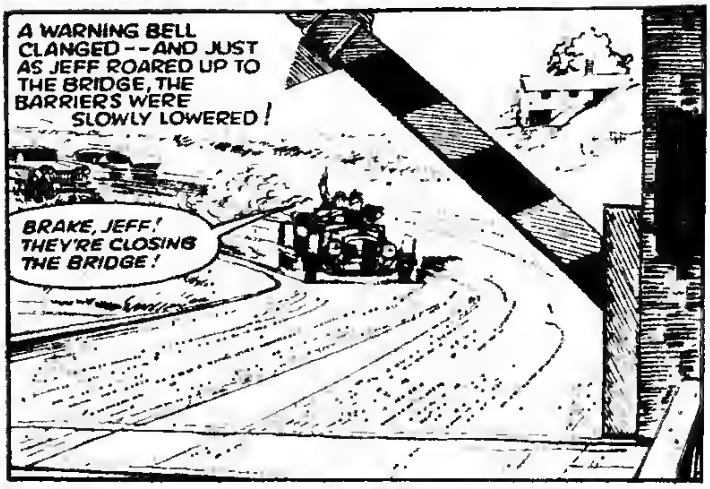
COR! THESE ARE A COUPLE OF BEAUTIES!
URGLE!
UH? "COME TO ORCHARD PLACE IF YOU WANT YOUR BOOTS BACK"...
LATER STILL...
WAAH! I CAN'T GET MY BOAT BACK—IT'S STRANDED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE POND!
CHEER UP, LITTLE GIRL—I'LL GET IT FOR YOU!
WHAT A TWERP! HE FELL FOR IT!—HEE! HEE!
HOI! COME BACK, WITH MY BOOTS!
NOT LIKELY! HO! HO!
WE CAN GUESS THE MESSAGE WRITTEN ON THE SAILS, CAN'T WE, READERS!
THAT NIGHT, PENNY SLEEPS...
BUT NOT FOR LONG!
SKERROWLLL!
ARGH! IT'S HERE AGAIN!!
GRRR! MIDNIGHT!—ON THE DOT, AS USUAL!
H'MMM! IT'S MIDNIGHT NOW—AND NO SIGN OF OUR BOOTS!
I RECKON WE'VE HAD IT!
ARGH!
GRRR! HOP IT, YOU MOTH-EATEN MOGGY! HOW'S A GIRL GOIN' TO GET ANY SLEEP WIV' THAT RACKET GOIN' ON?
HELP! HERE COME OUR BOOTS!
ARGH!
OUCH!
OOOH!
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME SLEEP NOW!
GRRR! I'D LIKE TO GIVE HER A BOOT—WITH MY FOOT IN IT!!!
WHAT A CHEEK—SHE JUST BORROWED 'EM TO THROW AT A CAT!

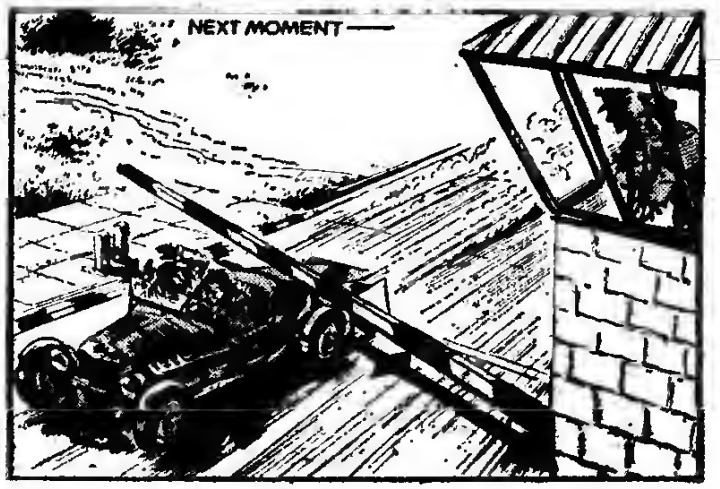
DESTINATION DANGER

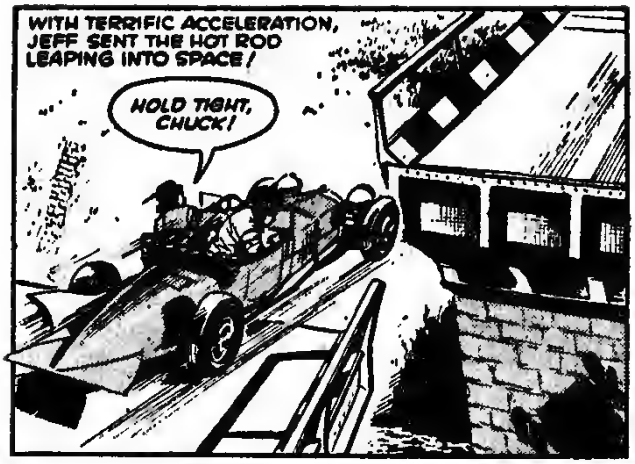
JEFF JACKSON A YOUNG ENGLISH SPEED ACE WORKING FOR PUMA MOTORS IN THE U.S.A., SUSPECTED VIC STAFFORD, THE TEAM'S NO. 1 DRIVER, OF BEING A TRAITOR. ON THE EVE OF THE BIG ANZON DERBY RACE, JEFF OVERHEARD STAFFORD PLOTTING WITH NERO AUTOS, PUMAS' UNSCRUPULOUS RIVALS, BUT WAS DISCOVERED AND IMPRISONED IN A LONG-DISTANCE FREIGHT TRAIN. HE MANAGED TO ESCAPE ONLY A FEW HOURS BEFORE THE BIG RACE WAS TO START AND PERSUADED THE OWNER OF A HOT ROD TO ALLOW HIM TO DRIVE THE CAR IN A DESPERATE EFFORT TO GET TO THE RACE IN TIME

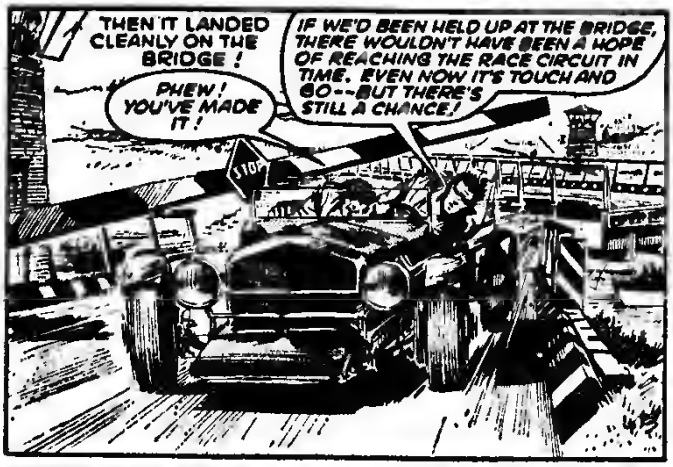

AS THE MILES FLASHED PAST, JEFF'S COMPANION, CHUCK RIDLEY, GLANCED AT HIS WATCH!
STEP ON IT, JEFF! ONLY TWENTY MINUTES TO THE START OF THE RACE!
WE CAN JUST MAKE IT--- IF WE'RE NOT DELAYED ON THE BRIDGE!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE CONTROL TOWER OF THE SWING BRIDGE—
TOO MUCH SHIPPING OUT THERE. BETTER OPEN THE BRIDGE TO LET IT THROUGH!


A WARNING BELL CLANGED--AND JUST AS JEFF ROARED UP TO THE BRIDGE, THE BARRIERS WERE SLOWLY LOWERED!
BRAKE, JEFF! THEY'RE CLOSING THE BRIDGE!



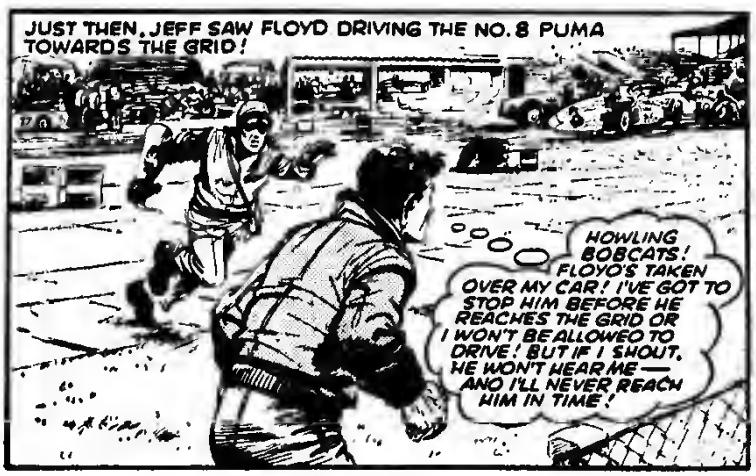



THEN IT LANDED CLEANLY ON THE BRIDGE!
PHEW! YOU'VE MADE IT!
IF WE'D BEEN HELD UP AT THE BRIDGE, THERE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN A HOPE OF REACHING THE RACE CIRCUIT IN TIME. EVEN NOW IT'S TOUCH AND GO--BUT THERE'S STILL A CHANCE!

MEANWHILE, AT THE RACE PADDOCK, ED BREDON, BOSS OF PUMAS, WAS FRANTIC OVER JEFF'S ABSENCE. GRIMLY HE TURNED TO FLOYD HALEY, JEFF'S MECCO....
JACKSON'S FAILED ME! HE HASN'T TURNED UP! HALEY, GET INTO HIS CAR!
BUT, CHIEF, GIVE HIM A FEW MINUTES LONGER. I'LL BE NO GOOD AS A DRIVER! IT'S YEARS SINCE I RACED!

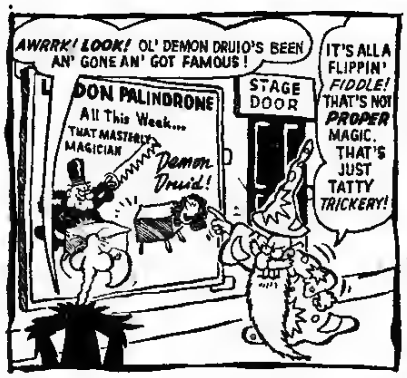
THERE'S NO TIME TO FIND ANYONE ELSE! STAFFORD'S DRIVING ONE PUMA--YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE OVER JACKSON'S! YOU'RE DUE ON THE STARTING GRID IN FIVE MINUTES! HURRY, MAN!
O.K., I'LL DO MY BEST, MR. BREDON

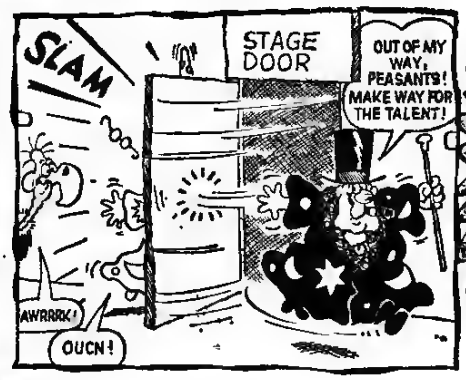
AT THAT INSTANT, THE HOT ROD ARRIVED AT THE CIRCUIT!
HURRY, JEFF! THE COMPETITORS ARE GOING UP TO THE STARTING GRID!
O.K. THANKS, CHUCK! SEE YOU AFTER THE RACE!

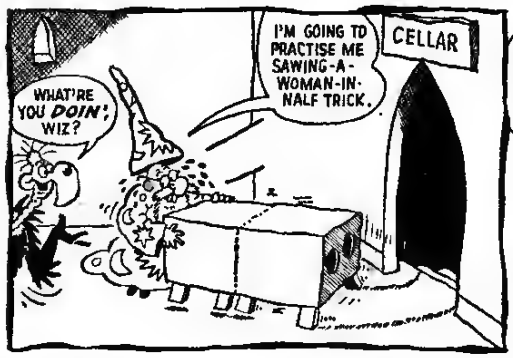

JUST THEN, JEFF SAW FLOYD DRIVING THE NO. 8 PUMA TOWARDS THE GRID!
HOWLING BOBCATS! FLOYD'S TAKEN OVER MY CAR! I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE HE REACHES THE GRID OR I WON'T BE ALLOWED TO DRIVE! BUT IF I SHOUT, HE WON'T HEAR ME— AND I'LL NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!

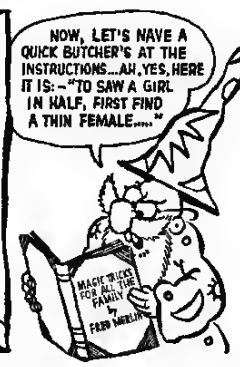
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—— JEFF MUST DRIVE THE PUMA—BUT HOW!

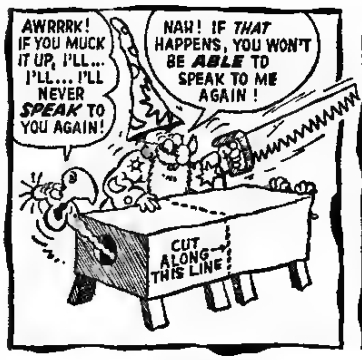
WIZARD PRANG IN WIZ WAR DEMON DRUID


AWRRK! LOOK! OL' DEMON DRUID'S BEEN AN' GONE AN' GOT FAMOUS!
DON PALINDRONE
All This Week...
THAT MASTERLY MAGICIAN
Demon Druid!
STAGE DOOR
IT'S ALL A FLIPPIN' FIDDLE! THAT'S NOT PROPER MAGIC. THAT'S JUST TATTY TRICKERY!






NOW, LET'S HAVE A QUICK BUTCHER'S AT THE INSTRUCTIONS...AH, YES, HERE IT IS:—"TO SAW A GIRL IN HALF, FIRST FIND A THIN FEMALE...."
MAGIC TRICKS FOR ALL THE FAMILY
by FRED MARLIN


AWRRRK! IF YOU MUCK IT UP, I'LL... I'LL... I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!
NAW! IF THAT HAPPENS, YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO SPEAK TO ME AGAIN!
CUT ALONG THIS LINE

WELL! HURRY UP AN' PUT ME TOGETHER AGAIN... IT'S VERY DRAUGHTY, STANDING AROUND LIKE THIS!
ULP! THE REST OF THE INSTRUCTIONS ARE MISSING!

GRRRR! D'YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU EXPECT ME TO STAND AROUND LIKE THIS FOR EVER?
ULP! ONLY TILL I'VE MANAGED TO GET ANOTHER COPY OF THE BOOK, ENGELBERT, MY PET!

WIZARD PRANG IS OUT
DON'T GO AWAY! I'LL GET YOU BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, EVEN IF I HAVE TO BUY A BOTTLE OF GLUE!
TEE-HEE-HEE! WHEN IT COMES TO GIVIN' OL' WIZARD PRANG A BASHING, I'M NOT ONE TO DO THINGS BY HALVES!
ZOOM

THE MIGHTY THOR
NOT BAD, MISTER... BUT THAT'S KID STUFF COMPARED TO WHAT WE'RE EXPECTING OF YOU!
YOU DON'T SCARE ME, CLOWN!
JUST TELL ME WHAT TO DO... IF I CAN'T HANDLE IT... NOBODY CAN!
FIRST, YOU MUST PASS THE HUMAN CANNONBALL TEST!
THEN, IF YOU SUCCEED, YOU WILL FACE THE DEADLY PET OF PRINCESS PYTHON!
HE IS STRONG.. BUT NOT STRONG ENOUGH!
PRINCESS PYTHON CAN TELL!
GAMBINOS.. LIGHT THE CANNON!
WITHIN TEN SECONDS WE SHALL KNOW IF WE HAVE FOUND THE ONE WE SEEK!
FTOOM!
THIS IS IT, STRONG MAN!
BRACE YOURSELF FOR IMPACT!
CIRCUS
AFTER DEFEATING THE EVIL ENCHANTERS, THOR HAS REFUSED TO RETURN TO ASGARD, SO ODIN HAS STRIPPED HIM OF HIS POWERS AND ABANDONED HIM ON EARTH. NOW THOR, UNABLE TO RESUME HIS MORTAL IDENTITY, IS SEEKING WORK AS A CIRCUS STRONG MAN... BUT THE CIRCUS HE IS APPROACHING IS NOT ALL THAT IT SEEMS....
Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1967
UNNGHHHH!!!
BAH! HE DID NOT EVEN PASS THE FIRST TEST!
WILL WE EVER FIND THE ONE WHO CAN LIFT THE GOLDEN BULL?
WE MUST FIND HIM... SOMEWHERE ..SOMEHOW!!
GAMBINOS!! TOSS THE PUNY BUMBLER OUT!
WE'VE NO TIME TO WASTE WITH WEAKLINGS!
WE MUST KEEP SEARCHING.. TILL WE FIND THE ONE WE NEED!
ALL THAT MATTERS IS THE PLAN! I'LL NEVER REST UNTIL THE GOLDEN BULL IS MINE!!
WE WILL FIND OUR MAN! WE MUST!

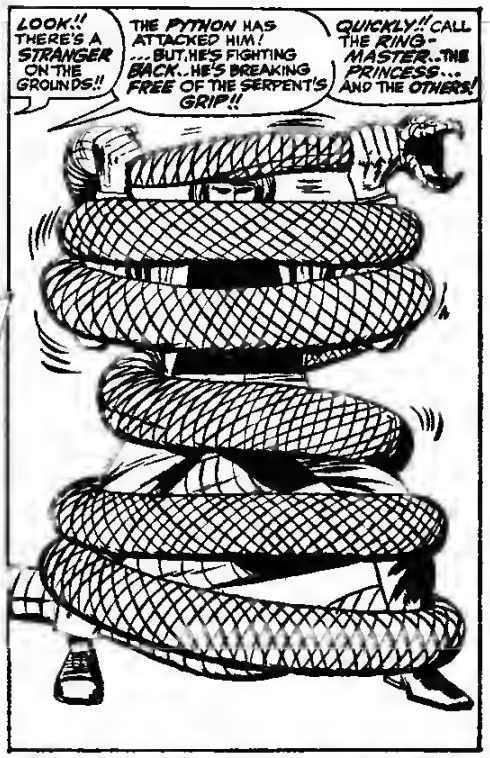
AHH... MY PET IS REST-LESS!
YOU DO NOT LIKE BEING COOPED UP FOR SUCH A LONG PERIOD OF TIME, DO YOU?
IT IS NO FAULT OF YOURS THAT NONE ARE POWERFUL ENOUGH TO MATCH THEIR STRENGTH WITH YOU!
COME--I SHALL LET YOU HAVE YOUR EXERCISE...!

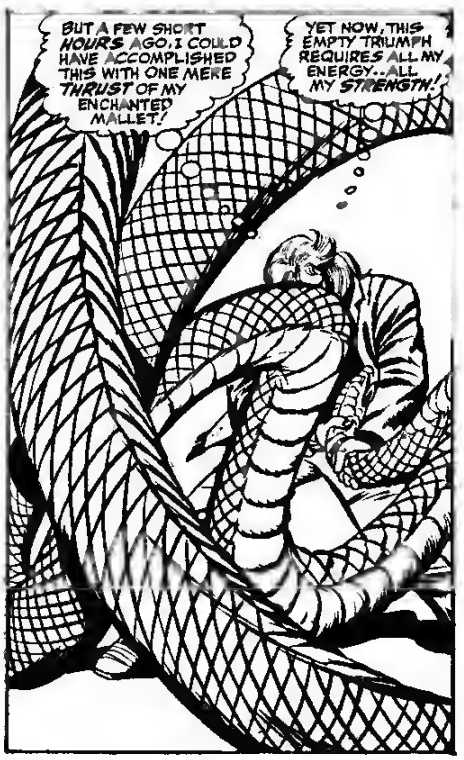
AND AS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, A NEW APPLICANT SHOWS UP FOR THE STRONG MAN JOB WHICH HAD BEEN ADVERTISED...
DRESSED IN THIS MANNER, I SHOULD AROUSE NO UNDUE ATTENTION!
THOUGH MY HAMMER HAS LOST ITS ENCHANTMENT, I COULD NOT BEAR TO PART WITH IT...
THUS, I SHALL KEEP IT WITH ME, PROTECTED WITHIN A CAREFULLY-WRAPPED BUNDLE!

NOW, IF I CAN MANAGE TO SPEAK IN THE VERNACULAR OF-- WAIT!!
SOMETHING IS SLITHERING ABOUT MY LEGS..!!

A GIANT PYTHON... MOVING FAR TOO FAST FOR ANY MORTAL... WITHOUT SUPER-POWERS --TO ESCAPE!
BUT - SPEED ALONE WILL NOT BE THE UNDOING OF MIGHTY THOR!!

DESPITE ALL THAT I HAVE LOST... STILL DO I POSSESS... MY STRENGTH!
STRENGTH THAT MUST NOT FAIL ME NOW!!

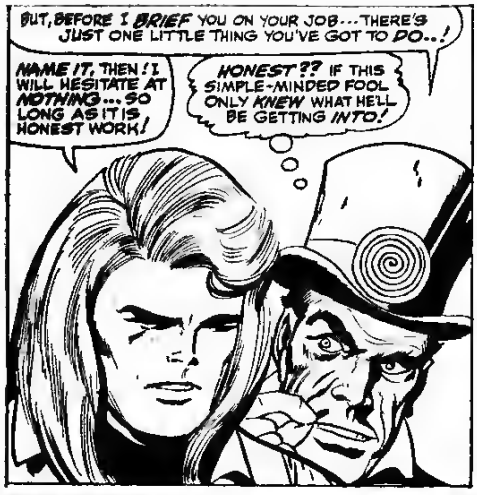

LOOK!! THERE'S A STRANGER ON THE GROUNDS!!
THE PYTHON HAS ATTACKED HIM! --BUT HE'S FIGHTING BACK.. HE'S BREAKING FREE OF THE SERPENT'S GRIP!!
QUICKLY!! CALL THE RING-MASTER.. THE PRINCESS... AND THE OTHERS!


BUT A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO, I COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED THIS WITH ONE MERE THRUST OF MY ENCHANTED MALLET!
YET NOW, THIS EMPTY TRIUMPH REQUIRES ALL MY ENERGY--ALL MY STRENGTH!

ENOUGH!! RELEASE HIM!! YOU MUST NOT HARM THE PET OF PRINCESS PYTHON!
I SEEK ONLY TO INSURE THAT HE HIMSELF WILL CAUSE NO HARM TO ANY MAN!
HE'S KNOTTING THE PYTHON LIKE A SHOELACE!!
AND HE ISN'T EVEN BREATHING HARD!

I WARNED YOU TO RELEASE HIM!
NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOU MAY BE... THIS ELECTRIC PROD WILL MAKE YOU GIVE UP THE FIGHT!

AND NOW, ALLOW US TO INTRODUCE OURSELVES!
I AM PRINCESS PYTHON, THE GREATEST SNAKE CHARMER ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH!
BEHIND ME ARE THE GREAT GAMBINOS.. THE HUMAN CANNONBALL... THE CRAFTY CLOWN..
AND STANDING AT MY SIDE IS.. THE RINGMASTER!
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH YOU'VE FOUND THE ONE YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, RINGMASTER!
ANYBODY WHO COULD FREE HIMSELF FROM THE PYTHON THAT WAY HAS TO BE JUST WHAT WE NEED!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!
FIRST, I MUST MAKE SURE THAT IT WASN'T MERELY A LUCKY FLUKE!
ON YOUR FEET, STRANGER! WE'VE GOT A LITTLE TEST FOR YOU TO WRESTLE WITH!
A TEST?!!
IN ORDER TO QUALIFY FOR THE E.I. JOB WE ARE OFFERING, YOU MUST FIRST PROVE YOURSELF!
PROVE MYSELF! YOU DARE SPEAK SO TO MIGHTY THOR?!
SAY! THAT'S A PRETTY GOOD GIMMICK! WITH ALL THAT LONG HAIR, YOU CALL YOURSELF THOR, EH?
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN ACTOR, THAT ONE!
WHEN I FIRST HEARD HIM SPEAK, I COULD HAVE SWORN HE ACTUALLY BELIEVED HE WAS THOR!
I MUST LEARN TO CONTROL MY ONCE-AWESOME TEMPER!
IT WOULD SERVE NO PURPOSE FOR ANY TO KNOW THAT IN TRUTH I AM THE SON OF ODIN!
YES, I PLANNED TO TAKE THE NAME OF THOR!
SEE? I EVEN BROUGHT A HAMMER... TO USE IN MY ACT!
A NOVEL IDEA! SHOW US HOW YOU INTEND TO USE IT!
IT IS SIMPLE! I WILL JUST DO AS THOR DOES!
SEE HOW I SPLIT THAT POLE IN HALF!
ALTHOUGH, IF I STILL POSSESSED THE TRUE POWER OF THE THUNDER GOD, THAT ONE THROW WOULD HAVE REDUCED THE POLE TO SAWDUST!
NOW MY HAMMER JUST LIES THERE... INSTEAD OF RETURNING TO ITS ONCE MAJESTIC MASTER!
BETTER WATCH WHERE YOU TOSS THAT THING, RUBE!
I LIKE YOUR STYLE, MISTER! PERHAPS WE CAN USE YOU!
TO THINK THAT ENCHANTED MJOLNIR... AND MIGHTY THOR, IMMORTAL OF ASGARD... WOULD SO SOON DESCEND... TO THIS!


BUT, BEFORE I BRIEF YOU ON YOUR JOB---THERE'S JUST ONE LITTLE THING YOU'VE GOT TO DO..!
NAME IT, THEN! I WILL HESITATE AT NOTHING... SO LONG AS IT IS HONEST WORK!
HONEST?? IF THIS SIMPLE-MINDED FOOL ONLY KNEW WHAT HE'LL BE GETTING INTO!

LOOK AT MY HAT, SEE THE CIRCLES... WHIRLING ROUND AND ROUND?
CONTINUE LOOKING: DON'T STOP FOR ANYTHING... UNTIL I TELL YOU!
THE CIRCLES, DO THEY REALLY.. MOVE??

ALL I CAN SEE ARE CIRCLES!! THEY'RE SPINNING AROUND... FASTER.. FASTER.. FASTER..!!

THERE! IT'S DONE! NOW WE CAN PREPARE THE TEST OF THE GOLDEN BULL!
HE WILL KNOW NOTHING! HE WILL REMEMBER NOTHING!
WE WILL USE HIS STRENGTH ...AND THEN.. WE WILL DISCARD HIM!

IF HE PASSES THE TEST OF THE GOLDEN BULL WE'LL ALL BE RICH BEYOND OUR WILDEST DREAMS!
AND, IF HE DOESN'T, HE WILL HAVE TO PAY THE PRICE FOR FAILURE!
THIS WILL SURELY BE THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE RINGMASTER'S INVINCIBLE CIRCUS OF CRIME!
YOU MUST FOLLOW MY EVERY COMMAND, WITHOUT ANY QUESTION!
NOW COME... THE GOLDEN BULL IS JUST AHEAD!

THERE! THAT IS BUT A LEAD MODEL OF THE REAL GOLDEN BULL...
WHICH IS THE MOST PRICELESS ART OBJECT IN ALL THE WORLD!
NOW, MOUNT THE STEPS AND PREPARE TO LIFT IT!

DISCARDING HIS JACKET, THE HYPNOTIZED ASGARDIAN BRACES HIMSELF BENEATH THE LEADEN STATUE... ABOUT TO ATTEMPT A FEAT OF STRENGTH WHICH, BEFORE LOSING HIS POWERS, HE COULD HAVE ACCOMPLISHED AS CASUALLY AS YOU OR I MIGHT LIFT A NEWSPAPER...!
I HAVE BEEN ORDERED TO LIFT THIS GIANT-SIZED STATUE!
THEREFORE, IT MUST BE DONE!

BUT THEN.. SLOWLY.. INEXORABLY... THE RINGMASTER'S FINGER POINTS, AS A SILENT THOUGHT POUNDS IN THE THUNDER GOD'S BRAIN...
I MUST CARRY THE BULL... OFF THE PLATFORM... WALK A DISTANCE OF.. SIXTY FEET..!

THIS IS WHERE THE OTHER STRONG MAN FAILED!
HE COLLAPSED... TRYING TO GET THE BULL DOWN THE STAIRS!
BUT LOOK AT HIM!! HE ALMOST MAKES THE WHOLE THING LOOK EASY!
I MUST SLOWLY DESCEND THE STAIRS...
AND THEN CARRY MY INANIMATE BURDEN EXACTLY SIXTY FEET...
..FIFTY-EIGHT! FIFTY-NINE! SIXTY!
HE DID IT! HE ACTUALLY DID IT!
NOW... ALL HE MUST DO..IS PUT IT DOWN... GENTLY..WITHOUT SMASHING IT!!
I HAVE DONE ... AS I WAS TOLD TO DO!
EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT! YOU PASSED THE TEST PERFECTLY!
WITH MY HYPNOTIC POWER... THE TALENTS OF MY CIRCUS OF CRIME.. AND THIS BUFFOON'S STRENGTH THE GOLDEN BULL IS AS GOOD AS MINE!
I'D BETTER SNAP HIM OUT OF IT NOW!
WAKE UP! YOU MUST REMEMBER NOTHING OF WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
THE JOB IS YOURS!
AND I WILL CALL YOU... THOR!
"THOUGH IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE WHAT YOU'RE CALLED ONCE YOU'VE SERVED MY PURPOSE... YOU DIE!
CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE!

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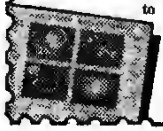

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Tell your parents you are answering this advert.

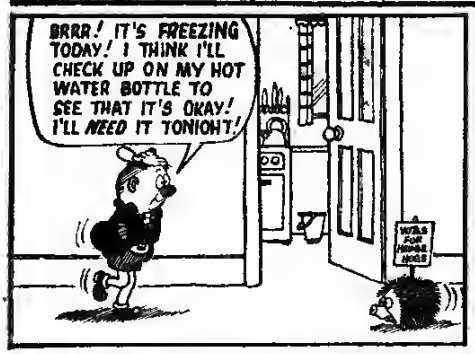
CRISIS IN THE WILDERNESS

YOUR SMASH! SHORT STORY
TROUBLED LAKE, HERE WE COME!
OH-OH, HOW'D IT GET A NAME LIKE THAT?
DON'T ASK ME... HEY, LOOK- A PLANE!
WONDER WHAT IT'S DOING WAY UP HERE? LET'S GO SEE!
THE PLANE WAS DESERTED...
THERE'S A SET OF FOOTPRINTS HERE ON THE SHORE. WONDER WHERE THE PILOT'S GONE? NO SIGN OF A CAMP...
COME ON, FRANK, THE OTHER BANK LOOKS BETTER FOR A CAMP-SITE! WE CAN HAVE ANOTHER LOOK AROUND HERE IN THE MORNING...
IT WAS ALMOST DARK BEFORE THEY HAD SET UP CAMP... BUT THEN...
BILL! WHAT'S THAT? MOVING IN THE BUSHES...
HUH? LOOK OUT! SMELLS LIKE...
BEAR!
AAAAAGH!
IT WAS NOT A BEAR... BUT THE CREATURE DRESSED IN CRUDE SKINS WAS HARDLY LESS FEROCIOUS!
ARRGGH! YOU GOT MY GOLD, BUT NOW I'VE GOT YOU!
WHAT GOLD? OWWWW- MY RIBS!
LEGGO MY PAL, YOU NUT, OR I'LL BRAIN YOU!
UH? KIDS?... HEY, I'M SORRY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE GUYS WHO STOLE MY GOLD!
GOLD? WHAT GOLD?
U-U-U-U-FFF! NGH!

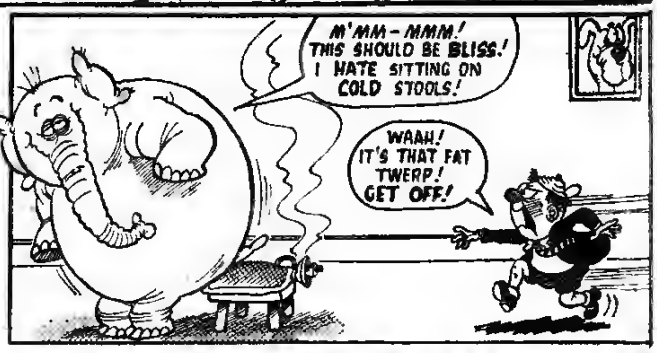
THE BEARMAN'S NAME WAS RANKIN, AND HE WAS MOSTLY A FUR TRAPPER. BUT HE'D FOUND GOLD ON HIS TRAP-LINES ONLY TO HAVE IT STOLEN! RANKIN TRAILED THE THIEF, LOST HIM AT THE LAKE, AND THEN SPIED THE CAMPFIRE ...
PHWEW! DON'T EVER DO THAT AGAIN ...
LOOK ... THERE'S A FLOAT PLANE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE LAKE! LOOK THERE FOR YOUR THIEF!
WHAT? QUICK! DOUSE THE FIRE BEFORE HE SPOTS IT!
RANKIN WANTED TO BORROW THEIR CANOE BUT THE BOYS REFUSED TO BE LEFT BEHIND. IT WAS BARELY DAWN WHEN THEY SLIPPED ON TO THE LAKE...
THINK WE'LL GET THERE BEFORE THE MIST CLEARS?
YEAH - AND HE CAN'T TAKE OFF IN THIS STUFF...
QUIET! WHAT'S THAT?
QUICK - HE'S STARTED HIS ENGINE! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM BEFORE ...
TOO LATE! HE'S CAST OFF ALREADY!
HE'S TAKING OFF!
STRAIGHT AT US!
LOOK OUT!
DIVE!
LOOK! WHAMMING INTO US HAS THROWN HIM OUT OF CONTROL!
SERVES HIM RIGHT - THE GOLD THIEF!
UNGH! GROAN!
CRASH!
KER-UMP!
BILL, STILL WEAK FROM RANKIN'S FEROCIOUS ATTACK THE NIGHT BEFORE, NEEDED HELP GETTING ASHORE...
TAKE IT EASY, KID. WE'RE NEARLY THERE!
THERE HE IS, GETTIN' OUT NOW!
HE'S GOT A GUN! LOOK OUT! NO - WAIT! HE'S ...
FRANK, UNSEEN BENEATH THE WING, ACTED FAST. TOO FAST, PERHAPS!
FRANK - NO! HE'S A MOUNTIE!
OH, NO!
THUD!

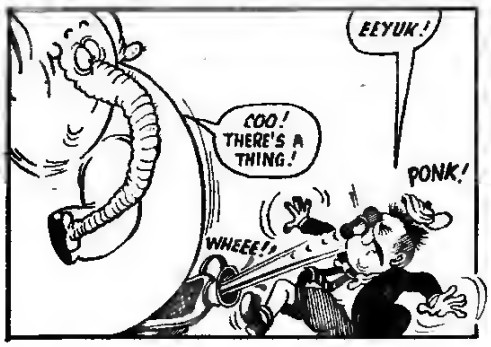
GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW- I ONLY SAW HIS FEET.
ALL RIGHT, FRANK, TAKE IT EASY. I DON'T THINK HE'S BADLY HURT!
GEE! WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE, ATTACKING A MOUNTIE AND ALL...
HEY, LISTEN! ANOTHER PLANE!
THE SECOND PLANE WAS SOON MOORING NEAR THE WRECK. RANKIN RECOGNISED THE PILOT...
SERGEANT McCORMACK FROM TIMISKAMING! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU! WE HAD THIS ACCIDENT, SEE, WITH YOUR FELLOW...
IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! WE DIDN'T MEAN...
HE STARTED IT!
HONEST, SERGEANT, YOU KNOW ME! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! HE CAME STRAIGHT AT US!
THE NEWCOMER HADN'T SAID A WORD. HE JUST STOOD AND LOOKED. THEN SUDDENLY..
NNK!
UNGH!
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
THIS GUY'S NO MOUNTIE- HE'S A CROOK, WANTED FOR IMPERSONATING A MOUNTIE AND STEALING ONE OF OUR PLANES!
THEN HE IS THE DIRTY BUZZARD WHO STOLE MY GOLD!
IT'LL BE IN THE PLANE, I BET!
IS THIS IT?
THAT'S IT! GIVE IT HERE!
THIS STUFF'S NOT GOLD, RANKIN- IT'S COPPER PYRITES!
WHA-A-AT? FOOL'S GOLD?
FOOL'S GOLD! BAH! NEARLY GOT US ALL KILLED FOR IT! AN' I THOUGHT I WAS RICH!
LET HIM COOL DOWN... THEN WE'LL TELL HIM HE CAN MAKE A FORTUNE OUT OF A COPPER MINE, TOO!
AND THEN HE'LL GET ANNOYED ALL OVER AGAIN 'CAUSE HE CHUCKED THE STUFF IN THE LAKE!
NOW WE KNOW WHY THIS IS CALLED TROUBLED LAKE!
THE END!

Percy's Pets


BRRR! IT'S FREEZING TODAY! I THINK I'LL CHECK UP ON MY HOT WATER BOTTLE TO SEE THAT IT'S OKAY! I'LL NEED IT TONIGHT!

AAGH! IT SHOULD BE HANGING ON THE DOOR KNOB, BUT IT'S NOT THERE! SOMEONE'S NICKED IT!
GONE TA-TA

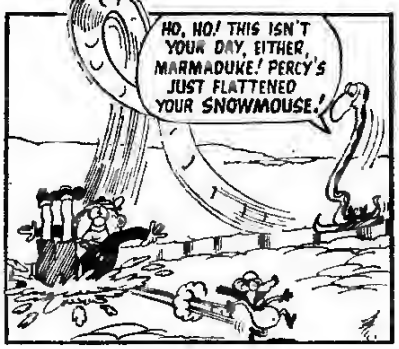

M'MM-MMM! THIS SHOULD BE BLISS! I HATE SITTING ON COLD STOOLS!
WAAH! IT'S THAT FAT TWERP! GET OFF!


EEYUK!
COO! THERE'S A THING!
PONK!
WHEEE!!

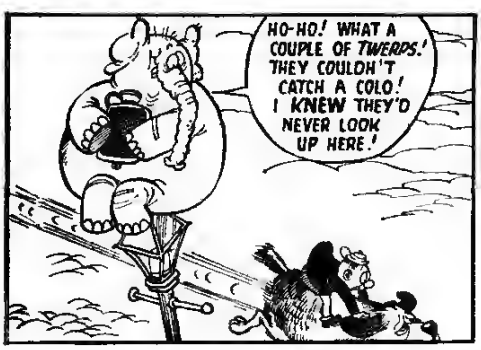
HEH-HEH! HE ISN'T GETTING THIS BOTTLE! I'LL HEEO IT TONIGHT TO KEEP MY TOOTSIES WARM!
ZOOM!
OOH! NAUGHTY-NAUGHTY!

GRRR! HE WON'T GET FAR ON THOSE SHORT, STUMPY LEGS! I'LL—
ZOOM!

AAGH!
COO! THE WATER'S TURNED TO ICE ALREADY! THIS JUST ISN'T PERCY'S DAY!

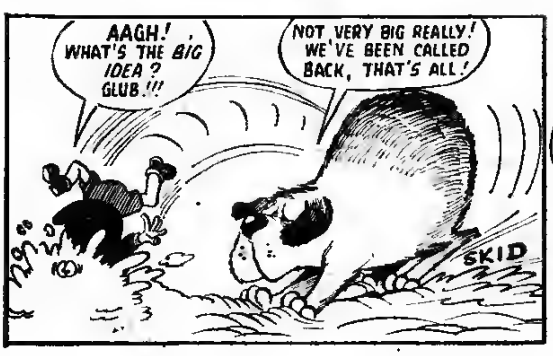

HO, HO! THIS ISN'T YOUR DAY, EITHER, MARMADUKE! PERCY'S JUST FLATTENED YOUR SNOWMOUSE!

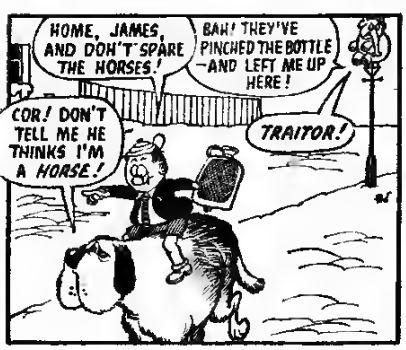
GRRR! MUSH, BERNIE! YOU WON'T SLIP—YOU ST. BERNARDS ARE USED TO SNOW AND ICE AND STUFF!
FASTER! FASTER! SNIFF OUT THAT TWERP JUMBO FOR ME!
THIS IS BRITAIN, MATE! NOT THE ALPS!
I REALLY MUST LOSE SOME WEIGHT! PUFF! GASP!

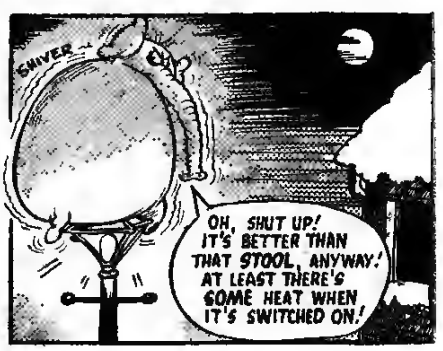

HO-HO! WHAT A COUPLE OF TWERPS! THEY COULDN'T CATCH A COLO! I KNEW THEY'D NEVER LOOK UP HERE!

BUT I LOOKED, MATE! THANKS TO YOU, PERCY SMASHED MY SMASHING SNOWMOUSE!
WELL-ER-IF IT ISN'T MARMADUKE! G-GULP!

PHEE-EEP!


AAGH! WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? GLUB!!!
NOT VERY BIG REALLY! WE'VE BEEN CALLED BACK, THAT'S ALL!
SKID


HOME, JAMES, AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSES!
BAH! THEY'VE PINCHED THE BOTTLE—AND LEFT ME UP HERE!
COR! DON'T TELL ME HE THINKS I'M A HORSE!
TRAITOR!


SHIVER
OH, SHUT UP! IT'S BETTER THAN THAT STOOL, ANYWAY! AT LEAST THERE'S SOME HEAT WHEN IT'S SWITCHED ON!

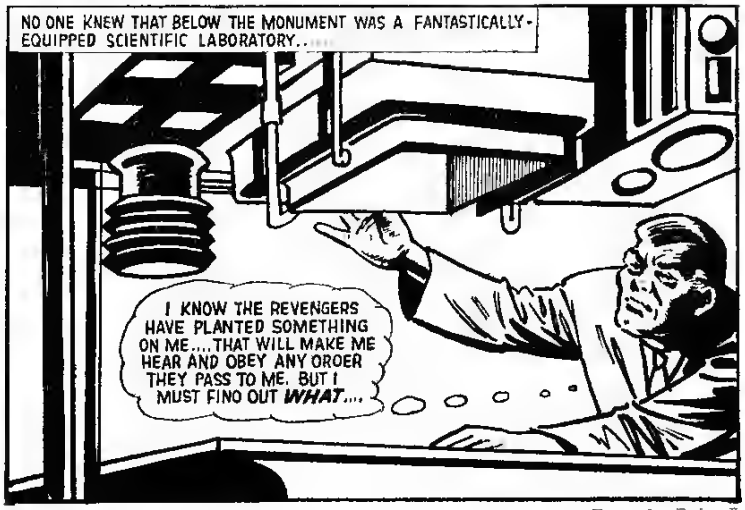
THE WORLD BELIEVES NEWSPAPERMAN **JIM JORDAN** IS DEAD, BUT HE STILL CARRIES ON HIS CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME... CALLING HIMSELF **THE SPECTRE**. A SINISTER SYNDICATE CALLING ITSELF **THE REVENGERS** TURNS MEN INTO MIND SLAVES. THE SPECTRE TRACKS THEM TO THEIR EERIE MANSION LAIR AND ESCAPES WITH A PRISONER...

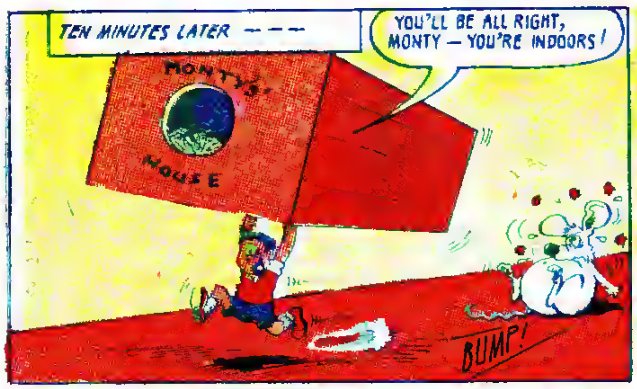
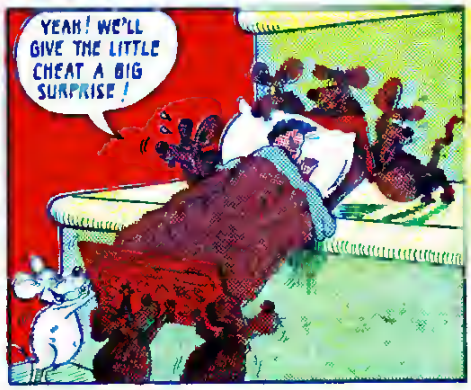
AT NIGHT STALKS THE SPECTRE

ONLY A FEW MOMENTS BEFORE... WHERE THE REVENGERS' LAIR HAD STOOD.....
IT'S GONE! THE WHOLE HOUSE! ALMOST INSTANTLY.... VANISHED!
THEY SPOKE OF POWERFUL WEAPONS! CAN IT MEAN THEY CAN EVEN USE... THE FOURTH DIMENSION?

TOD TOGAN, TOUGH NEWS EDITOR OF THE DAILY BANNER, CAN HARDLY BELIEVE HIS EARS.....
THE SPECTRE! IT REALLY IS YOU? ALL RIGHT.. ALL RIGHT.. I'VE GOT THE PLACE! I'LL BE THERE!

SOME TIME LATER.....
THE SPECTRE TOLD ME ABOUT YOU BUT WHERE IS HE? WHERE HAS THE SPECTRE GONE
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TALKING ABOUT I REMEMBER NOTHING OF ANY SPECTRE! MY MIND IS A BLANK!


NO ONE KNEW THAT BELOW THE MONUMENT WAS A FANTASTICALLY-EQUIPPED SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY.....
I KNOW THE REVENGERS HAVE PLANTED SOMETHING ON ME... THAT WILL MAKE ME HEAR AND OBEY ANY ORDER THEY PASS TO ME. BUT I MUST FIND OUT WHAT....

AN HOUR LATER HE HAS THE ANSWER.....
NOW I SEE.. THE PORES OF MY SKIN HAVE BEEN RIDDLED WITH MINUTE DUST PARTICLES...OBVIOUSLY TREATED WITH SOMETHING THAT WILL REACT TO THEIR THOUGHT TRANSFER MACHINE....
ANOTHER HOUR PASSES
I CANNOT REMOVE ALL THE PARTICLES QUICKLY. SO I MUST CREATE SOMETHING THAT WILL NEUTRALISE THEM. AND I THINK I'VE DONE IT!
IF I'M RIGHT I SHALL STILL HEAR THEIR MESSAGES.. BUT NO LONGER HAVE TO OBEY THEM....
AND THE SPECTRE TURNS ON THE MACHINE TO FULL FORCE!
MEANWHILE, IN TOO TOGAN'S OFFICE AT 'THE BANNER'...
THINK, PLEASE! YOU MUST REMEMBER... SOMETHING!
ONLY...ONLY WORDS... REVENGERS!...THEIR WILL IS MY WILL...! I'M SORRY!
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO GO ON! IF ONLY THE SPECTRE HAD TOLD US MORE! IF ONLY WE KNEW WHAT IS HAPPENING TO HIM NOW....!
AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
LISTEN TO THE VOICE OF YOUR MASTERS! THIS IS THE WILL OF THE REVENGERS....!
IT'S THEM! THEY'RE STARTING TO PLANT THEIR MESSAGES INTO MY HEAD!
YOUR MISSION HAS BEEN CHOSEN! YOU WILL MAKE A RENDEZVOUS WITH ONE OF US... HERE IS WHERE YOU WILL GO.....
...WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW IS THAT THE SPECTRE IS NOT A SLAVE TO THEIR WILL!
HURRIEDLY THE SPECTRE STRIDES TO THE CHOSEN SPOT.....
THAT MUST BE HIM! ONE OF THE REVENGERS I'VE BEEN TOLD TO APPROACH HIM!
THEN.....
YOU WILL TAKE THE PACKAGE! YOU WILL TAKE IT TO THIS PLACE....!
EXPLOSIVE! I'LL BET ANYTHING ON IT!
FOLLOW THESE DIRECTIONS!
TROUBLE IS... IF WHAT I HAVE PLANNED TAKES TOO LONG TO EXECUTE, MY ANTI-REACTOR WILL LOSE ITS EFFECT! THEN... I WILL BECOME THEIR MIND-SLAVE!
LOOK OUT FOR SPECTRE-ACTIONAL THRILLS NEXT WEEK!

SAMMY SHRINK